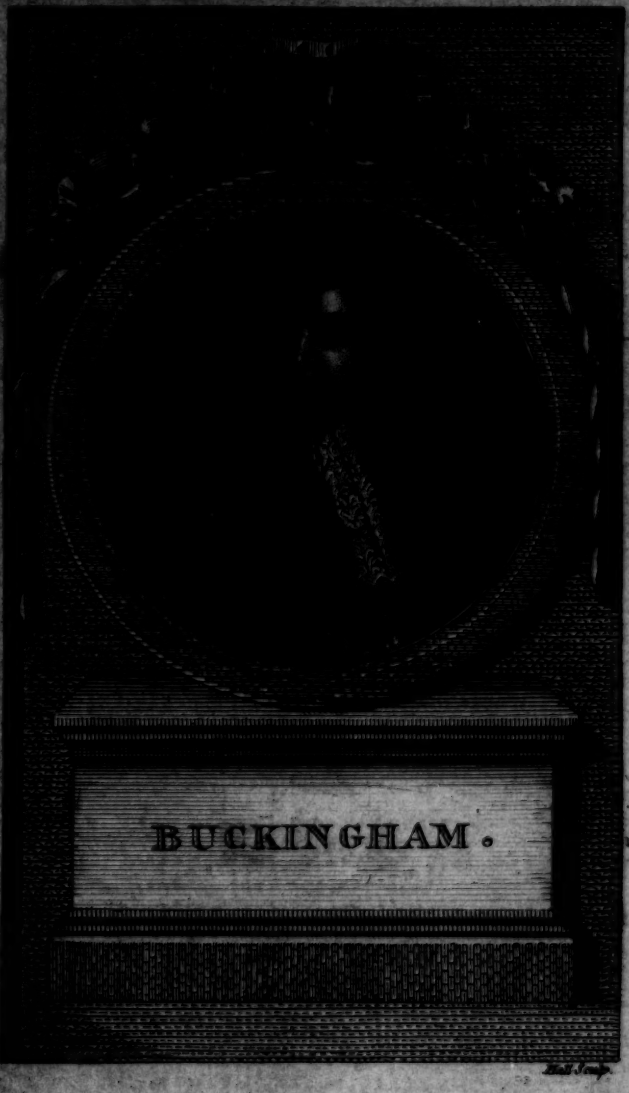
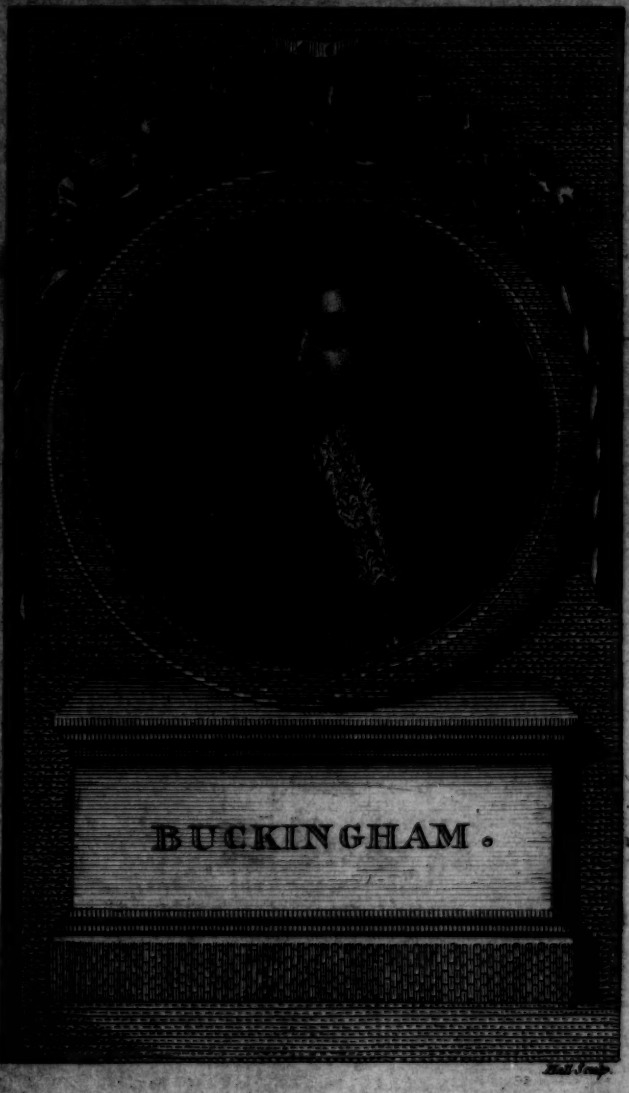


BUCKINGHAM.



BUCKINGHAM.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

POEMS

OF

BUCKINGHAM

AND

LANSDOWNE.

THE

POEMS

OF

BUCKINGHAM

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

EARL OF MULGRAVE,

MARQUIS OF NORMANDY,

AND

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

" —— Nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt
" Quam ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."
VIRG.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS,

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND,

AND MORE PERECT IMAGE OF

HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUTCHESS;

DESIROUS THAT HIS ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

AND HIS FAME AND MERIT COMMITTED

TO THE TEST OF

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING HIS GRACE AND HIS WRITINGS.

Earl of ROSCOMMON, Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

HAPPY that author! whoſe correct eſſay *
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way.

DRYDEN, Abſalom and Achitophel.

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe---In Sanhedrin's debate,
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate.

DRYDEN, Verſes to Lord Roſcommon.

How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer?
How he embelliſhes his Helen's love,
Outdoes in ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves.

DRYDEN, Preface to Virgil's Æneis.

"Your Eſſay on Poetry, which was publiſhed without "a name, and of which I was not honoured with the "confidence, I read over and over with much delight, "and as much inſtruction; and, without flattering you, "or making myſelf more moral than I am, not without

* Eſſay on Poetry.

" ſome envy, I was loth to be informed how an epic " poem ſhould be written, or how a tragedy ſhould be " contrived and managed in better verſe, and with more " judgment, than I could teach others.

" I gave the unknown author his due commendation, " I muſt confeſs; but who can anſwer for me, and for " the reſt of the poets who heard me read the poem, " whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have " ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? " Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might " ſeem to be above the cenſure, &c."

DRYDEN, Ibid.

" This is but doing juſtice to my country, part of " which honour will reflect on your lordſhip, whoſe " thoughts are always juſt, your numbers harmonious, " your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, " your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they " are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your ex- " ample would make all precepts needleſs. In the " meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and " that particularly by the poets (who are a nation not " over-laviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries) as a par- " ticular ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt " eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes."

DRYDEN, Dedication to Aurengzebe.

How great and manly in your lordſhip is your contempt of popular applauſe, and your retired virtue, which ſhines only to a few, with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely,

freely, that you make it evident you have a ſoul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of friendſhip, and that you only retire yourſelf from thoſe who are not capable of returning it! Your kindneſs, where you have once placed it, is inviolable; and it is to that only I attribute my happineſs in your love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an argument on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell; I mean your judgment in your choice of friends, becauſe I have the honour to be one. After which, I am ſure, you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent in the care you have taken of my fortune, which you have reſcued, not only from the power of others, but from my worſt of enemies, my own modeſty and lazineſs: which favour, had it been employed on a more deſerving ſubject, had been an effect of juſtice in your nature; but as placed on me, is only charity. Yet withal it is conferred on ſuch a man, as prefers your kindneſs itſelf before any of its conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your favours, thoſe of your love, and of your converſation. From this conſtancy to your friends I might reaſonably aſſume, that your reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting if they were not reſtrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generoſity; for certainly it is the ſame compoſition of mind, the ſame reſolution and courage, which makes the greateſt friendſhips and the greateſt enmities. To this firmneſs in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the intereſt your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is conſtant to himſelf, and

ſteady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree:

" Si fractus illabatur orbis,
" Impavidum ferient ruinæ."

Such a one cannot but place an eſteem, and repoſe a confidence on him whom no adverſity, no change of courts, no bribery of intereſt, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the ſolid foundations of honour and fidelity.

" Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
" Abſtulit, ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro."

How well your lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe, I need no inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for prophecy: your early undertakings have been ſuch, in the ſervice of your king and country, when you offered yourſelf to the moſt dangerous employment, that of the ſea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and which was worſe, the company of common ſeamen; that you have made it evident you will refuſe no opportunity of rendering yourſelf uſeful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct ſhall be required.

Biſhop BURNET, Preface to Sir T. More's Utopia.

Our language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly ſince the correction that was given by the Rehearſal; and it is to be hoped

that the Eſſay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the beſt pieces of its kind that even Auguſtus's age produced, will have a more powerful operation, if clear ſenſe, joined with home but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers than that unmerciful expoſing of them has done.

ADDISON, Spectator, N° 253.

We have three poems in our tongue, which are of the ſame nature, and each of them a maſter-piece in its kind: the Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on Poetry, and the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Lord LANSDOWNE, Eſſay on Unnatural Flights, &c.

Roſcommon firſt, then Mulgrave roſe, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight:
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide;
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May from their leſſons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR, Alma, Cant. 2.

Happy the poet! bleſt the lays!
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe.

GARTH, Diſpenſary.

Now Tyber's ſtreams no courtly Gallus ſee,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE,

POPE, Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Yet ſome there were among the ſounder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws:
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well."

POPE, Miſcellanies.

Muſe, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not loſt in vain;
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

POEMS

BY THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

IN thoſe cold climates, where the ſun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A diſmal vale lies in a deſert iſle
On which indulgent heaven did never ſmile.
There a thick grove of aged cypreſs trees,
Which none without an awful horror ſees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging birds receives:
Poiſons are all the plants that ſoil will bear,
And winter is the only ſeaſon there:

Millions

Millions of graves o'erſpread the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand rivers yield;
Whoſe ſtreams, oppreſs'd with carcaſſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple ſtands,
Old as the world itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the ſlave.
Old age and pains, thoſe evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which ſadly load
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoke increaſe the diſmal ſhade.
A monſter void of reaſon and of ſight
The goddeſs is, who ſways this realm of night;
Her power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The faireſt object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair Almeria's blood.
When griev'd Orontes, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with Fame,
His mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the ſacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That iron ſceptre which poor mortals fear;

Who,

Who, wanting eyes thyſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withſtand,
Each of whoſe blood muſt one day ſtain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that ſees the light
Cloſeſt for ever in the ſhades of night!
Goddeſs, attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I aſk not to defer my fate,
But wiſh my hapleſs life a ſhorter date;
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom heaven invades on every ſide:
That from the ſight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comforter of minds oppreſt,
The port where wearied ſpirits are at reſt;
Conductor to Elyſium, take my life,
My breaſt I offer to thy ſacred knife;
So juſt a grace refuſe not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, though a worthleſs ſacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal ſtate forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without conſtraint; the noiſe of dying rage,
Heaps of the ſlain of every ſex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it ſhed,
With ſever'd heads and arms confus'dly ſpread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic ſcene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they ſhould freely give;

Yielding

Yielding unwillingly what heaven will have,
Their fears eclipſe the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breaſt,
And he a murderer who was a prieſt.
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt forces call,
And on my head let all the tempeſt fall;
No mean retreat ſhall any weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that Time, our wonted ſure relief,
That univerſal cure for every grief,
Whoſe aid ſo many lovers oft' have found,
With like ſucceſs can never heal my wound:
Too weak the power of nature or of art,
Nothing but death can eaſe a broken heart:
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs ſtate,
Learn the extremeſt rigour of my fate.
Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The faireſt town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair Almeria ſhin'd above the reſt:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeleſs flame,
Was of our youth the moſt ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er ſhe made a ſlave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannic power I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;

Her

Her timorous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their firſt aſſurance from my conqueſt took;
By wounding me, ſhe learn'd the fatal art,
And the firſt ſigh ſhe had was from my heart:
My eyes, with tears moiſtening her ſnowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I ſooneſt of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all thoſe ſlaves that ſigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my ſubmiſſive heart
Endur'd not long, before ſhe bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breaſt,
And in ſoft ſighs her pity ſhe expreſs'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands ſuſtain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were caſt on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were leſs mine than hers,
Thoſe fill'd her ſoul with joys, and theſe with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the ſame deſires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched maſter kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not poſſeſſor of her charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my arms;
Paſt joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not ſuch bliſs before my eyes be brought,
O hide thoſe ſcenes from my tormenting thought;

And in their place diſdainful beauty ſhow;
If thou would'ſt not be cruel, make her ſo:
And, ſomething to abate my deep deſpair,
O let her ſeem leſs gentle, or leſs fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph ſo lovely or ſo kind:
No cold repulſes my deſires ſuppreſt,
I ſeldom ſigh'd, but on Almeria's breaſt:
Of all the paſſions which mankind deſtroy,
I only felt exceſs of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleaſures charm'd my ſenſe, and they
Were, as my love, without the leaſt allay.
As pure, alas! but not ſo ſure to laſt,
For, like a pleaſing dream, they are all paſt.
From heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings came
Which break through darkneſs with a glorious flame;
Awhile they ſhine, awhile our minds amaze,
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whoſe reſiſtleſs rage
None can withſtand, and nothing can aſſuage;
And all that light which thoſe bright flaſhes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.
When I had juſt begun love's joys to taſte,
(Thoſe full rewards for fears and dangers paſt)
A fever ſeiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richeſt work that ever nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain ſtand;
The firmeſt rocks are fix'd upon the ſand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.

A ſacrifice

A ſacrifice to time, fate dooms to us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whoſe bold hand will bring alike to duſt
Mankind, and temples too in which they truſt.
Her waſted ſpirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs pains.
Thus while the fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate 's like Semele's; the flames deſtroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its ſpring decay'd,
Pale grow the roſes, and the lilies fade;
Her ſkin has loſt that luſtre which ſurpaſs'd
The ſun's, and well deſerv'd as long to laſt:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardeſt hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Thoſe ſtars now heavily and ſlowly move;
And ſickneſs triumphs in the throne of love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whoſe diſdain ſo many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they ſigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring air,
Wounds my ſad heart, and weakens my deſpair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loſs,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other croſs,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This ſends up humble prayers, while that blaſphemes:

I aſk their help, whoſe malice I defy,
And mingle ſacrilege with piety.
But, that which muſt yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I muſt ſeem unkind:
So unconcern'd a face my ſorrow wears,
I muſt reſtrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on diſſembling forms,
I ſhew a calmneſs in the midſt of ſtorms;
I ſeem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almoſt dead with grief, diſcover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his miſtreſs die?
When paſſion had with all its terrors brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a ſudden fell the forc'd diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehenſions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my ſorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted ſoon perceives my tears,
Explains my ſighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With ſad preſages of her hopeleſs caſe,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and ſhe bewails my fear:
Though thus we ſuffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only thoſe of love which reach our hearts.
Meanwhile the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our ſighs, and rages at our tears:

Thoſe

Thoſe vain effects of our as vain deſire,
Like wind and oil, increaſe the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the deſtinies
About to ſhut her lips, and cloſe her eyes;
Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with theſe words I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her paſſion in a dying voice expreſs'd
Half, and her ſighs, alas! made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt; this pang --- Nature gives o'er the ſtrife;
Thou muſt thy miſtreſs loſe, and I my life.
I die; but, dying thine, the fates may prove
Their conqueſt over me, but not my love:
Thy memory, my glory, and my pain,
In ſpite of death itſelf ſhall ſtill remain.
Deareſt Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd breaſt all thoſe ſoft thoughts are fled,
And love ſurvives it though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my paſſion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.
My flame increaſes as my ſtrength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raiſe:
That ſtill remains, though I from hence remove;
I loſe my lover, but I keep my love.
The ſighs which ſent forth that laſt tender word,
Up tow'rds the heavens like a bright meteor ſoar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her lover's arms.
Goddeſs, who now my fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:

Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares.
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to ſurvive, reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.
Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe:
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

LET others ſongs or ſatires write,
Provok'd by Vanity or Spite;
My Muſe a nobler cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the praiſe of Love:
That gentle, yet reſiſtleſs heat,
Which raiſes men to all things good and great:
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debaſe mankind,
By love we are above ourſelves refin'd.

Oh

Oh love, thou trance divine! in which the ſoul,
Unclogg'd with wordly cares, may range without control;
And ſoaring to her heaven, from thence inſpir'd can teach
High myſteries, above poor Reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age, Prudence ſome aid may prove
And curb thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing leſs
than love.
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardeſt hearts;
And through the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine all o'er the mind,
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they 'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find,
There's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love.
But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heaven and earth would our deſires confine;
But yet in vain both heaven and earth combine,
Unleſs where love bleſſes the great deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the hand, but love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou nature's Hymen art;

Whoſe laws once broke, we are not held by force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young, and complaiſant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.
In heaven's great work thy part is ſuch,
That maſter-like thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch.
To heaven's own maſter-piece of man;
And finiſheſt what Nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
So, reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From Senſe to Reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when Reaſon turns to Love.

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly gods;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;

One

One beauty's ſmile their meaneſt courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow ſlaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much leſs than he.
For love, the timorous baſhful maid,
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For love ſhe overcomes her ſhame,
Forſakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a conſtant lover bleſt,
Thanks heaven for that, and never minds the reſt.

V.

Love is the ſalt of life; a higher taſte
It gives to pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.
Thoſe ſlighted favours which cold nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common counters of the ſenſe,
Defective both in metal and in meaſure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treaſure.
How vaſt the ſubject! what a boundleſs ſtore
Of bright ideas, ſhining all before
The Muſes' ſighs, forbids me to give o'er!
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raiſe,
His precepts to perform, as well as praiſe.

ELEGY

ELEGY

TO THE

DUTCHESS OF R——.

THOU lovely ſlave to a rude huſband's will,
By Nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that grief we ſee your mind endure,
Your glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing cure.
Thoſe maids you envy for their happier ſtate,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like ſlavery each wife complains,
Without ſuch beauty's help to bear her chains.
Huſbands like him we every-where may ſee;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beſide:
Thoſe eyes, though weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while ſo fair (do fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Unleſs, unſatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a huſband ſhould eſcape
Th' united force of ſuch a face and ſhape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming powers,
Your caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree ſhould bow;

Expect

Expect thoſe ſtatues, as you paſs, ſhould burn;
And that with wonder men ſhould ſtatues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a huſband love his wife:
A huſband, worſe than ſtatues, or than trees;
Colder than thoſe, leſs ſenſible than theſe.
Then from ſo dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waſte not ſighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity, ſighs from ſuch a breaſt ſhould part,
Unleſs to eaſe ſome doubtful lover's heart;
Who dies becauſe he muſt too juſtly prize
What yet the dull poſſeſſor does deſpiſe.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their uſe, nor wondrous value know;
But we for thoſe bright treaſures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools diſdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAireſt, if time and abſence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then ſhall my hand, as changeleſs as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this notes my conſtancy aſſures,
You 'll be almoſt as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And truſt me, when I feel that kind relief,
Abſence itſelf awhile ſuſpends its grief:
So may it do with you, but ſtrait return;
For it were cruel not ſometimes to mourn

His fate, who this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and ſighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects that you
Muſt not be happy, or muſt not be true.
But ſince to me it ſeems a blacker fate
To be inconſtant, than unfortunate;
Remember all thoſe vows between us paſt,
When I from all I value parted laſt;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And ſomething miſs, till I with joy return;
And ſoon may pitying heaven that bleſſing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

GRAVE fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, becauſe they are
By that defect ſecure
From ſlavery and toils of war,
Which all the reſt endure.

So I, who ſuffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to reſpect
Theſe fools that ſeem ſo wiſe.

'Tis

'Tis true, they fondly ſet their hearts
On things of no delight;
To paſs all day for men of parts,
They paſs alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their reſt;
Such ſervants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient thoſe delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted ſcornful brow,
Soon the fond miſtake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error ſo,
When Juno's form the cloud reſign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which moſt prevail,
Had cunningly itſelf diſguis'd
In a ſhape that could not fail.

There my Celia's ſnowy arms,
Breaſts, and other parts more dear,
Expoſing new and unknown charms,
To my tranſported ſoul appear.

Then you ſo much kindneſs ſhow,
My deſpair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams beſtow
What your cruelty denies.

Bluſh not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to diſapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliſs
Can ſuch griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantaſtic is,
Which makes you ſlight ſuch conſtant love.

The virtue which you value ſo,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is ſolid here below,
Except my love and your diſdain.

To One who accuſed him of being too ſenſual in his Love.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis ſin or ſhame,
To bleſs the man who ſo adores;
Nor give ſo hard, unjuſt a name,
To all thoſe favours he implores.
Beauty is heaven's moſt bounteous gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet

Yet wiſh not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear:
That is reſerv'd for thoſe above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For ſenſual joys ye ſcorn that we ſhould love ye,
But love without them is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waſte your thoughts and youth
In paſſion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I ſhould not here your fancy take
From ſuch a pleaſing ſtate,
Were you not ſure at laſt to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles,
Compos'd of falſe fantaſtic frowns,
And ſoft diſſembling ſmiles.

With anger, which ſometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love.

As if ſome injury was meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe lovers are the moſt content
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since

Since each has in his boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawning foe,
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out againſt your eyes,
You took the ſureſt courſe;
A heart unwary to ſurprize,
You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I ſtrive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if ſurrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.

Inconſtancy or coldneſs will
My fooliſh heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with ſhame.

A heart by kindneſs only gain'd,
Will a dear conqueſt prove;
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt expence of love.

THE VENTURE.

OH, how I languiſh! what a ſtrange
Unruly fierce deſire!
My ſpirits feel ſome wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppiſh part; farewell.

Suppoſe one week's delay would give
All that my wiſhes move;
Oh, who ſo long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her ſoul perhaps is too ſublime,
To like ſuch ſlaviſh fear;
Diſcretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the ſoldier call
To ſome unequal fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's ſight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill Fate denies,
The noble raſhneſs heaven forgives,
And glorioufly he dies.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

SONG.

I Muſt confeſs, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that 's ſmil'd upon by you,
Muſt all the world deſpiſe.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull deſire;
But when the ſun breaks kindly forth,
Thoſe fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languiſhing within your arms,
I ſigh my ſoul away.

SONG.

OH, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wiſhing eyes!
Every motion, every feature
Does ſome raviſh'd heart ſurprize;

But

But oh, I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy ſwain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, ſure, a thing below her,
Still to pity ſo much pain.
The gods ſome pleaſure, pleaſure take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their ſake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like ſome angel ſent from heaven,
Come, and raiſe me from deſpair;
Your heart I cannot, cannot miſs,
And I deſire no other bliſs;
Let all the world beſides be his.

DESPAIR.

ALL hopeleſs of relief,
Incapable of reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a grief
That's not to be expreſt.

This rage within my veins
No reaſon can remove;
Of all the mind's moſt cruel pains,
The ſharpeſt, ſure, is love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cauſe of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle ſex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conſcience vex!

When welcome Death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My ſoul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghoſt its moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt ſigns that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear ſake;

Struck with that conſcious blow,
Thy very ſoul will ſtart:
Pale as my ſhadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorſe will then
Untimely pity ſhow
To him, who of all mortal men
Did moſt thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

On Apprehenſion of loſing what he had newly gained.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

SURE I of all men am the firſt
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,
Who muſt my only bliſs bemoan,
And am by happineſs undone.
Had I at diſtance only ſeen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came
As to be ſcorch'd in beauty's flame;
To ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much ſenſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no defence.
What pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind
When little favours ſhew'd you kind!
And though, when coldneſs oft' prevail'd,
My heart would ſink, and ſpirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Deſiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?

Charms of ſuch a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, muſt not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er ſo high reflect,
Nor love itſelf ſuch joys expect.
After ſuch embraces paſt,
Whoſe memory will ever laſt,
Love is ſtill reflecting back;
All my ſoul is on a rack:
To be in hell 's ſufficient curſe,
But to fall from heaven is worſe.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkneſs too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boaſt;
But little thought how much I loſt.
Now heart-devouring eagerneſs,
And ſharp impatience to poſſeſs;
Now reſtleſs cares, conſuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce deſires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I ſhall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SONG.

COME, let us now reſolve at laſt
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot ſo very faſt,
That Time ſhall ne'er untie it.

The

The trueſt joys they ſeldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the moſt tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When leaſt I ſeem'd concern'd, I took
No pleaſure, nor no reſt;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you beſt.

Own but the ſame to me, you 'll find
How bleſt will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG.

FROM all uneaſy paſſions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealouſy,
Contented I had been too bleſt,
If love and you had let me reſt:
Yet that dull life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidſt a thouſand kind deſires,
Which beauty moves, and love inſpires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart ſo ſoft as mine can bear:
Yet I 'll defy the worſt of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

FROM wars and plagues come no ſuch harms,
As from a nymph ſo full of charms;
So much ſweetneſs in her face,
In her motions ſuch a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a ſoft enchantment lies;
That we pleaſe ourſelves too ſoon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her ſoftneſs, we
Are but ſlaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas! from all deſire,
Except to ſet the world on fire.
Thou, fair diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thyſelf, as well as us.
Like a reſtleſs monarch, thou
Wouldſt rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But truſt me, Celia, truſt me, when
Apollo's ſelf inſpires my pen,
One hour of love's delight out-weighs
Whole years of univerſal praiſe;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your ſex deſerve?

Why

Why ſuch ſoft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loſs you nothing gain:
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

LIKE children in a ſtarry night,
When I beheld thoſe eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Inſenſible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame ſo long,
At laſt I felt the ſcorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with deſire.

By all the helps of human art,
I juſt recover'd ſo much ſenſe,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, ſince you ſhine away deſpair,
And now my ſighs no longer ſhun,
No Perſian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the riſing ſun.

If once again my vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a lover;
In love, that languiſhing diſeaſe,
A ſad relapſe we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languiſhing I lay,
A ſtranger grown to all delight,
Paſſing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear ſake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with deſpair,
Neglecting all the world beſide:

Till, like ſome angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Cán make amends for all the grief.

Thoſe pleaſing hopes I now purſue
Might fail if you could prove unjuſt;
But promiſes from heaven and you,
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my ſoul aſſures;
Nor am I vain, ſince I depend
Not on my own deſert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

DEJECTED, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, faireſt! at your feet I lie,
Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred flame,
And that divineſt power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A crime which may your ſcorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair excuſe.

I then did vulgar joys purſue,
Variety was all my bliſs;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amuſements as before;
If e'er I look, but to deſpiſe
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May ſad remorſe, and guilty ſhame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee!

THE

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

THOU flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your ſkill and care;
Draw me ſuch a ſhape and face,
As your flattery would diſgrace.
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here:
Scarce can you with ſafety ſee
All her charms deſcrib'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former days,
That never ſung of Celia's praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter ſin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her forehead; then her noſe,
And lips juſt opening, that diſcloſe

Teeth

Teeth ſo bright, and breath ſo ſweet,
So much beauty, ſo much wit,
To our very ſoul they ſtrike,
All our ſenſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be ſaid:
What are words in ſuch a caſe;
What is paint to ſuch a face?
How ſhould either art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is ſeen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt part;
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe,
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.
Then her neck, and breaſts, and hair,
And her —— but my charming fair
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.
How go on then? Oh! I ſee
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright form if once you ſaw,
You by her would Venus draw.

On Don ALONZO's being killed in Portugal, upon Account of the INFANTA, in the Year 1683.

IN ſuch a cauſe no Muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n deſert.

In vain ambitious hopes deſign'd
To make his ſoul aſpire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raiſe a brighter fire.

Amidſt ſo many dangerous foes
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRIZE.

SAFELY perhaps dull crowds admire;
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood paſt
That dire diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,

I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blaſts of cold diſdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all ſuch grief or joy,
That did my heedleſs ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantaſtic powers,
But the diſeaſe of idle hours;
Amuſement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this ſublimer paſſion,
Whoſe raptures, bright as thoſe above,
Outſhine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, faireſt, what I ſing,
Can from a love platonic ſpring;
That formal ſoftneſs (falſe and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of huſband, rivals, friends afraid!
Amidſt all this ſeraphic fire,
Am almoſt dying with deſire,
With eager wiſhes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildeſt faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The luſty patriarch did of old)
Would force a bleſſing from thoſe charms,
And graſp an angel in my arms.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE,

BETWEEN AN ELDERLY SHEPHERD, AND A VERY YOUNG NYMPH.

SHEPHERD.

BRIGHT and blooming as the ſpring,
Univerſal love inſpiring;
All our ſwains thy praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praiſes in ſo high a ſtrain,
And by ſuch a ſhepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

SHEPHERD.

I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gayly:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their ſmiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold;
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEP-

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleaſing voice and faſhion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Chear my ſoul, and crown my paſſion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Trueſt friend as well as lover,
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a thought.

EACH APART FIRST, AND THEN BOTH TOGETHER.

Happy we ſhall lie poſſeſſing,
Folded in each other's arms.
Love and Nature's chiefeſt bleſſing
In the ſtill increaſing charms.

So the deareſt joys of loving,
Which ſcarce heaven can go beyond,
We 'll be every day improving,

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

On One who died diſcovering her Kindneſs.

SOME vex their ſouls with jealous pain,
While others ſigh for cold diſdain:
Love's various ſlaves we daily ſee!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of

Of all mankind, I lov'd the beſt
A nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the bleſt above,
In beauty ſhe, and I in love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very ſcorn;
But oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhew how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful, diſmal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe ſtings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have loſt--- but oh! how much?
No language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my grief! for ſhe was ſuch,
That praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His voice on her, unleſs to praiſe?

Free from her ſex's ſmalleſt faults,
And fair as womankind can be:
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only ſighs and endleſs pains!

TO A

LADY RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

WHAT breaſt but yours can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond deſire?
Love would ſhine forth, were not your zeal ſo bright
Whoſe glaring flames eclipſe his gentler light:
Leſs ſeems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But ſhall ſome threatening prieſt divide us two?
What worſe than that could all his curſes do?
Thus with a fright ſome have reſign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.
Heaven ſees our paſſions with indulgence ſtill,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourſelves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, thoſe high-priz'd gifts of fate,
The low concerns of a leſs happy ſtate,
Are far beneath us: fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no impreſſion make;

Let worldlings aſk her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie ſafe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the bleſt ſaints, eternal raptures know,
And ſlight thoſe ſtorms that vainly reſt below.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit;
I ſee my ruin, and I muſt ſubmit:
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How loſt a wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itſelf, from whence all miſchiefs ſpring,
Have never done ſo barbarous a thing.
With ſuch a fate the heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairer ſex;
Rinaldo ſhe had charm'd with ſo much art,
Hers was his power, his perſon, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She ſooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When ſtrait a guſt of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchleſs till now, for love or for deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Taſſo only feigns:
And after all our vows, our ſighs, our tears,
My baniſh'd ſorrows, and your conquer'd fears:
So many doubts, ſo many dangers paſt,
Viſions of zeal muſt vanquiſh me at laſt.
Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field
Some hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;

But

But when a god once took the vanquiſh'd ſide,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

Written during a Sea Voyage, when ſent to command the Forces for the Relief of TANGIER.

WIthin the ſilent ſhades of ſoft repoſe,
Where Fancy's boundleſs ſtream for ever flows;
Where the infranchis'd ſoul at eaſe can play,
Tir'd with the toilſome buſineſs of the day;
Where princes gladly reſt their weary heads,
And change uneaſy thrones for downy beds;
Where ſeeming joys delude deſpairing minds,
And where ev'n jealouſy ſome quiet finds;
There I and ſorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a ſighing heart.
But here too ſoon a wretched lover found
In deepeſt griefs the ſleep can ne'er be found;
With ſtrange ſurprize my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic ſhapes of wild unheard-of things;
Diſmal and terrible they all appear,
My ſoul was ſhook with an unuſual fear.
But as when viſions glad the eyes of ſaints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will ſhine,
And ſpreads a glory round, that 's all divine;

Juſt ſuch a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monſters vaniſh, and with them my fears.
The faireſt ſhape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er ſaw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to ſhew ſuch excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the ſoul, as well as ſenſe!
And, while our eyes tranſporting pleaſure find,
It ſtops not here, but ſtrikes the very mind.
Some angel ſpeaks her praiſe; no human tongue,
But with its utmoſt art muſt do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no ſoft alluring words repeat,
Nor ſtudy'd looks of languiſhing deceit.
Fantaſtic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks ſome pride muſt to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mein,
Something that ſeems to ſay, I would be ſeen.
But of all womankind this only ſhe,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deſerves ſome nobler Muſe her fame to raiſe,
By making the whole ſex beſide her pyramid of praiſe.
She, ſhe appear'd the ſource of all my joys,
The deareſt care that all my thought employs:
Gently ſhe look'd, as when I left her laſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeiz'd my heart, and held it faſt:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I ſaw my doom came not from her, but fate.
With pity then ſhe eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could ſcarce from tears refrain:

Why,

Why, gentle ſwain, ſaid ſhe, why do you grieve
In words I ſhould not hear, much leſs believe;
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of falſe mankind though you may be the beſt,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their reſt.
I ſee your pain, and ſee it too with grief,
Becauſe I would, yet muſt not, give relief.
Thus, for a huſband's ſake as well as yours,
My ſcrupulous ſoul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapleſs ſwain,
A paſſion moving, but a paſſion vain:
Not chance nor time ſhall ever change my thought:
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault.
Oh, worſe than ever! Is it then my doom
Juſt to ſee heaven, where I muſt never come?
Your ſoft compaſſion, if not ſomething more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but ah! no ſight of ſhore.
Farewell, too ſcrupulous fair-one; oh! farewell;
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell:
Thank heaven, my fate tranſports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with eaſe and ſafety die.
With that I kneel'd, and ſeiz'd her trembling hand,
While ſhe impos'd this cruel kind command:
Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me ſo;

For though I bluſh at this laſt guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death.
Tormenting kindneſs! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender ſcene my dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell groveling to the ground,
Till, on a ſudden rais'd, I wondering found
A ſtrange appearance all in taintleſs white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight:
Goodneſs and greatneſs in his eyes were ſeen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mein.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:
"What mean theſe flowing eyes, this ghaſtly look?
"Theſe trembling joints, this looſe diſhevel'd hair,
"And this cold dew, the drops of deep deſpair?"
With grief and wonder firſt my ſpirits faint,
But thus at laſt I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a nymph, to whom an envy'd ſwain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of ſuch a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,
But to inferior beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her love in ſcorn of Flavia's eyes.
All this I knew (the form divine reply'd)
And did but aſk to have thy temper try'd,

Which

Which prove ſincere. Of both I know the mind;
She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
But ſince thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
Whatever time or abſence come betwixt;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her diſdain prefers
To others love, I'll ſomething ſoften hers:
Elſe in the ſearch of virtue ſhe may ſtray;
Well-meaning mortals ſhould not loſe their way.
She now indeed ſins on the ſafer ſide,
For hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wiſe,
And in the midſt alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the bride;
For circumſtances alter every ill,
And woman meets with moſt temptation ſtill;
She a forſaken bed muſt often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer, and ſubmit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If uſage baſe ſhall juſt reſentment move,
Or, what is worſe, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a rival's chains.
Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of intereſt, children, and remote affairs;

But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her husband's stead.

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,
And cry'd---Ev'n our base world is just in this;
Amidst our censures, love we gently blame,
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.
What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?
When honour checks, and conscience pleads in vain;
When parents threats and friends persuasions fail,
When interest and ambition scarce prevail,
To bound that sex when nothing else can move,
They 'll live reserv'd, to please the man they love!

The spirit then reply'd to all I said,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then she will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave.

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures past,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, AND MR. DRYDEN.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies;
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo!
Did you come here a ſtranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there 's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee:
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?

Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame;
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I 'll not complain, for who 's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear---not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the beſt---
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But ſhe was couzen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape:
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe;
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?

Though

Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that ſprings herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field
As would move goddeſſes themſelves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize;
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do:
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which, (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would
ſhine.
Sometimes you 'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs;

Which

Which oft' I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He 'll for my ſake
Do any thing, I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſant grove,
Under my name, theſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For, oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind:
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice,
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is maſter of my fate:
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill;

But

But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey:
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But, firſt, I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a ſight:
Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praiſe,
A goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe:
But be it as you ſay; for 'tis confeſt,
The men who flatter higheſt pleaſe us beſt:
That I ſuſpect it ought not to diſpleaſe,
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy thoſe nymphs whom uſe has perfect made,
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade:

Ev'n

Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurprize:
For now the rumour ſpreads among the croud,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud.
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear them ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet, if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay,
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away:
To go or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence:
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame 's my burden, for the more I 'm prais'd
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd:
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt,
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.

You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near,
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband 's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhould force employ;
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid! for both of us 't were beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipyla, and the fond Minoian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſt betray'd:
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But, leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
You grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.

But

But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I, from your rage, a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land;

To

To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue:
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your deſire.
You laſt demand a private conference:
Theſe are your words; but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BEING A TRANSLATION OUT OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'TIS not for nothing when juſt heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls theſe judgments down;
Whoſe ſpouſe, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the ſerpent lurking in the graſs:
A mournful cry the ſpacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the ſhore he oft' would wildly ſtray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping gulph and diſmal ſhade;
Viſits the ghoſts, and to that king repairs
Whoſe heart 's inflexible to human prayers.
All hell is raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a ſong;
Light ſouls and airy ſpirits glide along

In

In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or ſome tempeſtuous wind:
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majeſtic ſhades;
And ſons entomb'd before their parents face;
Theſe the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noiſome weeds,
And all that filth which ſtanding water breeds.
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of death;
The ſiſters with blue ſnaky curls took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice reſtrain'd.
When ſafe return'd, and all theſe dangers paſt,
His wife, reſtor'd to breathe freſh air at laſt,
Following (for ſo Proſerpina was pleas'd)
A ſudden rage th' unwary lover ſeiz'd,
He, as the firſt bright glimpſe of day-light ſhin'd,
Could not refrain to caſt one look behind;
A fault of love! could hell compaſſion find.
A dreadful ſound thrice ſhook the Stygian coaſt,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour loſt!
Why haſt thou thus undone thyſelf and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am ſnatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd) Night and the powers of hell
Surround my ſight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!---
Then from his eyes, like ſmoke, ſhe fleets away.

Much he would fain have ſpoke: but fate, alas!
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what courſe remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already paſs'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him eaſe?
Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appeaſe?
'Tis ſaid, he ſeven long moons bewail'd his loſs
To bleak and barren rocks, on whoſe cold moſs,
While languiſhing he ſung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.
So the ſad nightingale, when childleſs made
By ſome rough ſwain who ſtole her young away,
Bewails her loſs beneath a poplar ſhade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs waſtes the day;
Her melting ſongs a doleful pleaſure yield,
And melancholy muſic fills the field.
Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of Bacchus ſolemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, ſwims
Down that ſwift current where the Heber flows,
And ſtill its tongue in doleful accents goes.
Ah, poor Eurydice! he dying cry'd;
Eurydice reſounds from every ſide.

AN

AN

ESSAY ON POETRY*.

OF all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſter-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high,
As ſacred and ſoul-moving poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch,
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.
But heaven forbid we ſhould be ſo profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazzling our minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun,
Which, though ſometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious ſound,
Which not the niceſt ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the ſoul:

* The "Eſſay on Satire," which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

A ſpirit which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidſt conceptions fit;
Ev'n ſomething of divine, and more than wit;
Itſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy abſence mourn,
Oh! where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleaſures of the night, and buſineſs of the day?
Ev'n now, too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy courſe, and uſe the needful rein,
As all is dulneſs, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundleſs influence
Not only in the choice of words, or ſenſe,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful part,
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the heart.
Here I ſhall all the various ſorts of verſe,
And the whole art of poetry rehearſe;
But who that taſk would after Horace do?
The beſt of maſters, and examples too!
Echoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain;
Dull the deſign, and fruitleſs were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with eaſe;
But who with that mean ſhift himſelf can pleaſe,

With-

Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new abſurdities inſpire new thoughts;
What need has ſatire then to live on theft,
When ſo much freſh occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our ſoil, and full of rankeſt weeds,
And monſters worſe than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools ſhall have no cauſe to fear;
'Tis wit and ſenſe that is the ſubject here:
Defects of witty men deſerve a cure,
And thoſe who are ſo, will ev'n this endure.

Firſt then, of Songs; which now ſo much abound,
Without his ſong no fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt Apollo's laws.
Though nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richeſt pearl there lies
Many a blemiſh that eſcapes our eyes.
The leaſt of which defects is plainly ſhown
In one ſmall ring, and brings the value down:
So ſongs ſhould be to juſt perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be ſeen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expreſſion eaſy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As wrought with care, yet ſeem by chance to fall.

Here, as in all things elſe, is moſt unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauſeous ſongs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling cenſure on his ſhade.
Not that warm thoughts of the tranſporting joy
Can ſhock the chaſteſt, or the niceſt cloy;
But words obſcene, too groſs to move deſire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deſerves our praiſe;
But palls that appetite he meant to raiſe.
Next, Elegy, of ſweet, but ſolemn voice,
And of a ſubject grave, exacts the choice;
The praiſe of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft' deſpairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-ſhe deſerves to be belov'd;
But noiſy nonſenſe, and ſuch fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtic ſex.
This to the praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The many raiſe the value of the few.
But here (as all our ſex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;

* The Earl of Rocheſter.---It may be obſerved, however, that many of the worſt ſongs aſcribed to this nobleman were ſpurious. N.

If

If yet a juſt coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher riſe,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with ſkill,
No * Panegyrick, nor a † Cooper's-Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muſes' moſt unruly horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the rider has no reſt,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſs'd.
The poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But ſometimes diction mean, or verſe ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe laws may ſound a little too ſevere;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the work much eaſier than it ſhows.

Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd.

* Waller's. † Denham's.

'Tis

'Tis hard to write on ſuch a ſubject more,
Without repeating things ſaid oft' before:
Some vulgar errors only we 'll remove,
That ſtain a beauty which we ſo much love.
Of choſen words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be as the ſubject rough;
This poem muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmootheſt words convey'd.
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only buſineſs was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a ſatyr from a ſcold.
Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down;
A ſatyr's ſmile is ſharper than his frown;
So while you ſeem to ſlight ſome rival youth,
Malice itſelf may paſs ſometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may juſtly claim our praiſe,
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegaſus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh miniſter of ſtate.
Here reſt, my Muſe, ſuſpend thy cares awhile,
A more important taſk attends thy toil.
As ſome young eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted journey through the ſky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and ſeas ſhe is to ſoar,

* Mr. Dryden.
† A famous ſatirical Poem of his.
‡ A poem call'd The Hind and Panther.

Doubts

Doubts her own ſtrength ſo far, and juſtly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by ſome bold deſign,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herſelf with care,
At laſt, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding air;
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt:
So (though too weak for ſuch a weighty thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper note to ſing.
And why ſhould truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my Muſe, adventurouſly engage
To give inſtructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if obſerv'd, give plays ſo great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the preſent age,
Leſs obvious errors of the Engliſh ſtage.

Firſt then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in paſſion too.
Our lovers talking to themſelves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,
As when Bellario * confeſſes all.

* In Philaſter, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Figures of ſpeech, which poets think ſo fine,
(Art's needleſs varniſh to make nature ſhine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in deſcriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief diſcourſe,
From lovers in deſpair fine things to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chuſe but pity
A dying hero, miſerably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where juſt and mock
Is held up like a reſt at ſhittle-cock;
Or elſe, like bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
What things are theſe who would be poets thought,
By nature not inſpir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better courſe than this, by which they ſtarve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look within, to find
Thoſe ſecret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a ſoul.
All this united yet, but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the beſt remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;

Yet

Yet to ourſelves we juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they groſsly fail,
Over our paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wiſe to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
Firſt, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
This oft', alone, has given ſucceſs to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There 's no ſuch thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultleſs monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be, that his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.
Beſides the main deſign compos'd with art,
Each moving ſcene muſt be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this;
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining thoughts to place,
As what a man would ſay in ſuch a caſe:
Neither in comedy will this ſuffice,
The player too muſt be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret meaning ſhow.

Expoſe no ſingle fop, but lay the load
More equally, and ſpread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we ſee
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious juice,
Which ſerves the world for pleaſure and for uſe,
In ſpite of faction this would favour get;
But Falſtaff* ſtands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of ſome great poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all;
That ev'n his fools ſpeak ſenſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by inſpiration breaks his jeſt.
If once the juſtneſs of each part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's coſt.
That ſilly thing men call ſheer-wit avoid,
With which our age ſo naſeouſly is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.

But ſince the poets we of late have known,
Shine in no dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Caſt but a view on this wrong ſide of ſenſe.

* The matchleſs character of Shakeſpeare.

First,

First, a ſoliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noiſe of drums;
For her ſweet ſake, whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in metaphor his paſſion proves:
But ſome ſad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the ſwain alone;
He ſtrait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a ſpeech, wherein he tells
The abſent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now,
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who ſtrait appears; but who can fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty hand,
That juſt has given himſelf the cruel ſtroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a death prefers the pleaſing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are theſe!
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the ſign of old Ben Jonſon's head;
When the intrinſic value of the ſtage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian ſongs, and rhyme,
May keep up ſinking nonſenſe for a time;

But

But that muſt fail, which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And ſenſe no longer will ſubmit to fools.
By painful ſteps at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' hill, on whoſe bright airy top
The Epick poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt pride behold the reſt below.
Heroic poems have a juſt pretence
To be the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſenſe;
A work of ſuch ineſtimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what ſacred awe,
Do thoſe mere ſounds the world's attention draw!
Juſt as a changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beaſt;
So theſe gigantic ſouls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of human kind!
Nature's whole ſtrength united! endleſs fame,
And univerſal ſhouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Boſſu never writ, the world had ſtill,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of ſkill;
As ſomething of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd:
But he, diſcloſing ſacred myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty magic lies;
Deſcrib'd the ſeeds, and in what order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.

Sure

Sure from ſome angel he the ſecret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To ſee this promis'd land, yet ſtay behind?
The way is ſhewn, but who has ſtrength to go?
Who can all ſciences profoundly know?
Whoſe fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's ſight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt diſcernment, Virgil-like, is ſuch
Never to ſay too little or too much?
Let ſuch a man begin without delay;
But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer, and ev'n Milton fail.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'TIS ſaid, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another ſo.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beaſts we claim,
Reaſon our beſt credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how abſurdly, we may ſee with ſhame.

Reaſon, that ſolemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by cenſure or applauſe;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the leaſt prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our ſnare.
In any nice and weighty cauſe,
How weak, at beſt, is Reaſon! yet the grave
Impoſe on that ſmall judgment which we have.

II.

In all thoſe wits, whoſe names have ſpread ſo wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be deſcry'd.
Among the reſt, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæſar's death;
By which he yet ſurvives in Fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the reſt,
In whom we ſhould that deed the moſt deteſt,
Is of mankind eſteem'd the beſt.
As ſnow deſcending from ſome lofty hill,
Is by its rolling courſe augmenting ſtill,
So from illuſtrious authors down have roll'd
Thoſe great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will ſhew eſteem,
And gild their eloquence with praiſe of him:
But Truth, unveil'd, like a bright ſun appears,
To ſhine away this heap of ſeventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illuſtrious wit,
(To whom in all beſides I willingly ſubmit)

That Cæſar's life no pity could deſerve
From one who kill'd himſelf, rather than ſerve.
Had Brutus choſe rather himſelf to ſlay,
Than any maſter to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd.
For he, whoſe ſoul diſdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would ſure much rather kill himſelf, than only hurt his friend.
To his own ſword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at laſt did yield:
But in thoſe times ſelf-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from deſpair:
He might have choſen elſe to live,
In hopes another Cæſar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conſpire againſt a life which had ſpar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmoſt care,
And in our thoughts deſerves the tendereſt ſhare;
Her to a thouſand friends we ſhould prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no deſert can move,
A miſtreſs or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does beſides enjoy;
But may he, for their ſakes, his ſire or ſons deſtroy!

For ſacred juſtice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood:
In ſuch a cauſe, want is a happy ſtate,
Ev'n low diſgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itſelf, when noble fame ſurvives,
More to be valued than a thouſand lives.
But 'tis not ſurely of ſo fair renown
To ſpill another's blood, as to expoſe our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendſhip, oh! 'tis ſacrilege to touch.

V.

Can we ſtand by unmov'd, and ſee
Our mother robb'd and raviſh'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her cauſe we never ſtir,
Pleas'd with the ſtrength and beauty of the raviſher?
Thus ſings our bard with heat almoſt divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as ſtrong as fine.
Would it more juſtly did the caſe expreſs,
Or that its beauty and its grace were leſs.
(Thus a nymph ſometimes we ſee,
Who ſo charming ſeems to be,
That, jealous of a ſoft ſurprize,
We ſcarce durſt truſt our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambuſh to eſcape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant ſon would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore muſt confeſs, but acted long before;
A marriage ſince did intervene,
With all the ſolemn and the ſacred ſcene;

Loud

Loud was the Hymenean ſong;
The violated dame * walk'd ſmilingly along,
And in the midſt of the moſt ſacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his ſight,
Often ſhe caſt a kind admiring glance
On the bold ſtruggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd ſo moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he ſo deſir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Againſt a Roman of ſo great a ſoul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears ſo foul!
Friendſhip, that ſacred and ſublimeſt thing!
The nobleſt quality, and chiefeſt good,
(In this dull age ſcarce underſtood)
Inſpires us with unuſual warmth her injur'd rites to ſing.
Aſſiſt, ye angels! whoſe immortal bliſs,
Though more refin'd, chiefly conſiſts in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another ſhine!
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A courſe, as far from any end, as when at firſt begun.
Ye ſaw, and ſmil'd upon this matchleſs pair,
Who ſtill betwixt them did ſo many virtues ſhare,
Some which belong to peace, and ſome to ſtrife,
Thoſe of a calm, and of an active life,

* Rome.

That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which Friendſhip did ſo faſt and cloſely bind,
Not the leaſt cement could appear by which their ſouls were join'd.
That tye which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a ſoul and body name,
Seems not a compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty Cæſar and his boundleſs grace,
Though Brutus, once at leaſt, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but ſlight in ſuch a caſe,
Where friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the place,
There is no room for gratitude; ſince he,
Who ſo obliges, is more pleas'd than his ſav'd friend can be.
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both ſo kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a father and a ſon *;
(Though here ev'n Nature's ſelf ſtill ſeem'd to be outdone)
From ſuch a friendſhip unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wiſh that fact were all
Which does with too much cauſe Ungrateful Brutus call.

* Cæſar was ſuſpected to have begotten Brutus.

VIII. In

VIII.

In cooleſt blood he laid a long deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a deed;
Himſelf the centre where they all did join.
Cæſar, mean time, fearleſs, and fond of him,
Was as induſtrious all the while
To give ſuch ample marks of fond eſteem,
As made the graveſt Romans ſmile
To ſee with how much eaſe love can the wiſe beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, ſetting his own race aſide,
Nothing leſs for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to ſucceed:
Which we are bound in juſtice to allow,
Is all-ſufficient proof to ſhow,
That Brutus did not ſtrike for his own ſake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by miſtake.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager thoughts, that force themſelves away,
Sure none inſpir'd (whoſe heat tranſports them ſtill
Above their reaſon, and beyond their will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong impulſe remain;
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds ſubmit to vulgar ſway;
What Ignorance ſhall think, or Malice ſay,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can ſee faults, but can ſee beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the Poet for the Muſe's ſake.

The Muſe, who raiſes me from humble ground,
To view the vaſt and various world around:
How faſt I mount! in what a wondrous way,
I grow tranſported to this large ſurvey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy pigmies go.
My ſoul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy

Airy Ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill:
Some, with unſteady feet, juſt fallen to ground,
Others at top, whoſe heads are turning round.
To this high ſphere it happens ſtill that ſome,
The moſt unfit, are forwardeſt to come;
Yet among theſe are princes forc'd to chuſe,
Or ſeek out ſuch as would perhaps refuſe.
Favour too great is ſafely plac'd on none,
And ſoon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiſs and negligent of all,
Or elſe imperious and tyrannical.

The Muſe inſpires me now to look again,
And ſee a meaner ſort of ſordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow duſt;
For that deſpiſing honour, eaſe, and luſt.
Let other bards, expreſſing how it ſhines,
Deſcribe with envy what the miſer finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it ſeems to me,
Where we ſuch deſpicable vermin ſee,
Who creep through filth a thouſand crooked ways,
Inſenſible of infamy or praiſe:
Loaded with guilt, they ſtill purſue their courſe,
Not ev'n reſtrain'd by love or friendſhip's force.

Not to enlarge on ſuch an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which tranſcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to loſe the end.

Like

Like heroes in romances, ſtill in fight
For miſtreſſes that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does moſt debaſe the mind,
Gold is itſelf th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no ſuch thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among thoſe harmleſs men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and ſilver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.
Ev'n traffick now is intercourſe of ill,
And every wind brings a new miſchief ſtill;
By trade we flouriſh in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and exceſs devour the root.
Thus far the Muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, leſs happy ſorts of ſin;
But now, more pleas'd, ſhe views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms ſurveys.
Dear luxury! thou ſoft, but ſure deceit!
Riſe of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou ſure preſage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of ſtates!
Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty power;
Not the worſt conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herſelf, while o'er the world ſhe flew,
And did by virtue all that world ſubdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppreſs'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd Eaſt;
Whence all thoſe vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt foundations of renown and power.

But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad effects at home,
Of wild exceſs? which we ſo plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave fops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred pleaſures of the ſenſe:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic ſeal of heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put reſtraint on innocent delight,
But heaven and nature's always in the right;
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give deſires that ſhall be doom'd for ſin.
Yet, that in height of harmleſs joy we may
Laſt to old age, and never loſe a day;
Amidſt our pleaſures we ourſelves ſhould ſpare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we ſometimes may ſteep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares aſleep:
It raiſes nature, ripens ſeeds of worth,
As moiſtening pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varniſh we too oft' apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muſe: I would reſtrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, ſhe longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now ſhe flies to love;
Shews me ſome rural nymph, by ſhepherd chac'd,
Soon overtaken, and as ſoon embrac'd:

The

The graſs by her, as ſhe by him is preſs'd;
For ſhame, my Muſe, let fancy gueſs the reſt:
At ſuch a point fancy can never ſtay,
But flies beyond whatever you can ſay.
Behold the ſilent ſhades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his loweſt ſphere, his country ſcene,
Where love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet ſpringing up without the help of art,
Leaves a ſincerer reliſh in the heart,
More healthfully, though not ſo finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where moſt he makes a ſhow,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in hiſtories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in thoſe diſguiſes often ſmile,
And knows the cauſe was kindneſs all the while.
What ſtory, place, or perſon, cannot prove
The boundleſs influence of mighty love?
Where-e'er the ſun can vigorous heat inſpire,
Both ſexes glow, and languiſh with deſire.
The weary'd ſwain, faſt in the arms of ſleep,
Love can awake, and often ſighing keep;
And buſy gown-men, by fond love diſguis'd,
Will leiſure find to make themſelves deſpis'd.
The proudeſt kings ſubmit to beauty's ſway;
Beauty itſelf, a greater prince than they,
Lies ſometimes languiſhing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though fickle lover's ſide.

I mean

I mean to ſlight the ſoft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my ſatire into ſofteſt thoughts;
Of all that paſſion which our peace deſtroys
Inſtead of miſchiefs, I deſcribe the joys.
But ſhort will be his reign (I fear too ſhort)
And preſent cares ſhall be my future ſport.
Then love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Looſe from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I 'll ſing ſuch counter-charms,
The fair ſhall liſten in their lovers arms.
Now the enthuſiaſtic fit is ſpent,
I feel my weakneſs, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft' climb too high
For ſenſe to follow with a waking eye;
And in ſuch wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review theſe ſallies of my pen,
And modeſt reaſon is return'd again;
My confidence I curſe, my fate accuſe,
Scarce hold from cenſuring the ſacred Muſe.
No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit,
Is more ſevere from ignorance and ſpite,
Than I with judgment againſt all I write.

ON

MR. HOBBES, AND HIS WRITINGS.

SUCH is the mode of theſe cenſorious days,
The art is loſt of knowing how to praiſe;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, becauſe themſelves have none.
Yet whatſoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praiſing is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As ſtrings, alike wound up, ſo equal prove,
That one reſounding makes the other move;
From ſuch a cauſe our ſatires pleaſe ſo much,
We ſympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the ſharp infection ſpreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is eaſy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muſe inſpires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applauſe,
Content to ſuffer in ſo juſt a cauſe.
While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghoſts, and every empty ſhade;
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reaſon's light
Put ſuch fantaſtic forms to ſhameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs muſt be
To vice enſlav'd, if from vain terrors free;

The

The wiſe and good, morality will guide,
And ſuperſtition all the world beſide.

In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not ſometimes ſo eaſily underſtood;
That jewel oft' unpoliſh'd has remain'd;
Some words ſhould be left out, and ſome explain'd;
So that, in ſearch of ſenſe, we either ſtray,
Or elſe grow weary in ſo rough a way.
But here ſweet eloquence does always ſmile,
In ſuch a choice, yet unaffected ſtyle,
As muſt both knowledge and delight impart
The force of reaſon, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful tranſparent ſkin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious ſtream it ever ran,
As ſmooth as woman, but as ſtrong as man.

Bacon himſelf, whoſe univerſal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice purſues her, like ſome bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels ceaſe;
Envy herſelf is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with ſo high a flight,
Above her reach, and ſcarce within her ſight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at laſt,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers paſt:
But ſuch the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;

Long

Long ripening under-ground this China lies?
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
Thus nature, tir'd with his unuſual length
Of life, which put her to her utmoſt ſtrength,
Such ſtock of wit unable to ſupply,
To ſpare herſelf, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predeſtination;
For which the learned and the wiſe
His underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong.
For how could ſuch a wretch ſucceed?
But that, alas, it was decreed!

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they ſlight;
They neither act, nor reaſon right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unſkilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without ſenſe.

So

So Moſes once, and Joſhua,
And that virago Debora,
Beſtrid poor Iſrael:
Like reverence pay to theſe! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

O D E

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

GOOD angels ſnatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, ſinging and ſoaring through the ſky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd ſoul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went muſing all along,
Compoſing new their heavenly ſong,
A while his ſkilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But ſoon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleaſing ſound.
David himſelf improv'd the harmony,
David in ſacred ſtory ſo renown'd
No leſs for muſic, than for poetry!
Genius ſublime in either art!
Crown'd with applauſe ſurpaſſing all deſert!
A man juſt after God's own heart!

If human cares are lawful to the bleſt,
Already ſettled in eternal reſt;
Needs muſt he wiſh that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to ſet what he vouchſaf'd to write;
For, ſure, the noble thirſt of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the ſoul aſcends the ſkies
From whence at firſt it came.
'Tis ſure no little proof we have
That part of us ſurvives the grave,
And in our fame below ſtill bears a ſhare:
Why is the future elſe ſo much our care,
Ev'n in our lateſt moment of deſpair?
And death deſpis'd for fame by all the wiſe and brave?
Oh, all ye bleſt harmonious choir!
Who power almighty only love, and only that admire!
Look down with pity from your peacful bower,
On this ſad iſle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power.
In our rough minds due reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious ſounds, and each harmonious Muſe.
Muſic exalts man's nature, and inſpires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind deſires.

On

On the Loſs of an only Son, ROBERT Marquis of NORMANBY.

OUR morning's gay and ſhining;
The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
And night 's all void of care.

A fond tranſported mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is ſuch an other
So bleſs'd by heaven as I?

A child at firſt was wanting;
Now ſuch a ſon is ſent,
As parents moſt lamenting
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind heaven
Not only hope beſtows,
But has already given
Him all our hopes propoſe.

The happy ſire's poſſeſſing
His ſhare in ſuch a boy,
Adds ſtill a greater bleſſing
To all my other joy.

But ah! this ſhiny weather
Became too hot at laſt;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the ſky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears;
And diſmal ſad preſages
Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languiſh,
Did worſe, far worſe than kill.
Yet, oh, with all their anguiſh,
Would we had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much digreſſion,
This fatal loſs to ſhow;
Alas, there 's no expreſſion
Can tell a parent's woe!

ON MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and buſineſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidſt adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.

But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens ways;
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

STANZAS.

WHene'er my fooliſh bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for ſome miſguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour underſtood,
For changing miniſters for men of ſenſe:

When, vainly proud to ſhew my public care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched ſhare
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks diſcloſe;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell, how I ſtill could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whiſpering lies!

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my country's cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft' had ridicul'd to ſenſe and ſhame:

Say, I reſiſted the moſt potent fraud;
But friendleſs merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may pleaſe
Such noble, hopeful ſpirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their pleaſures and their eaſe,
For fame and honour? till at laſt they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown aſſiſted, and my country ſerv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

THE

THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT IN M.DCC.XIX.

A Famous aſſembly was ſummon'd of late :
To crown a new Laureat, came Phœbus in ſtate.
With all that Montfaucon himſelf could deſire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies ſo juſtle,
No country-election e'er made ſuch a buſtle :
From garret, Mint, tavern, they all poſt away,
Some thirſting for ſack, ſome ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, fluſh'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus ſmil'd on theſe laſt, but yet ne'ertheleſs,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the preſs.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonſon to Curll every preſs had groan'd under;
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, Look, all theſe are my lays,
But at preſent I beg you'd but read my Eſſays.

Lampooners and critics ruſh'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came firſt ſide-by-ſide.
Apollo confeſs'd that their laſhes had ſtings,
But beadles and hangmen were never choſe kings.

Steele long had ſo cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wiſh,
But wiſh'd him good luck in his project of fiſh.

Lame Congreve, unable ſuch things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuſe ſuch a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almoſt inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he ſcarce car'd to be ſeen,
Till Phœbus deſir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er ſo inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of ſuch preferment would only make ſport,
And laugh'd at all ſuitors for places at court.

Notwithſtanding this law, yet Lanſdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindneſs his indolence blam'd,
And ſaid he would chuſe him, but that he ſhould fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo ſoon miſs'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since amidſt a whole bench, of which ſome are ſo bright,
No one of them ſhines ſo learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with reſpect,
Since he for the ſtate could the Muſes neglect:

* Dr. Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter.

But

But ſaid, in a greater aſſembly he ſhin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For ſome things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third ſure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, thoſe works muſt be good, which had Addiſon's praiſe;
But Apollo reply'd, Child Euſtace, 'tis known,
Moſt authors will praiſe whatſoever 's their own.

Then Philips came forth, as ſtarch as a Quaker,
Whoſe ſimple profeſſion 's a Paſtoral-maker;
Apollo adviſ'd him from playhouſe to keep,
And pipe to nought elſe but his dog and his ſheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came laſt in the train,
Too modeſt to aſk for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too baſhful, and ſaid they would need
More boldneſs, if ever they hop'd to ſucceed.

Apollo, now driven to a curſed quandary,
Was wiſhing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honeſt Tom Southerne but been within call---
But at laſt he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And ſo ſpying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verſe, and deſpiſer of plays;

To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) preſented the bay.

All the wits ſtood aſtoniſh'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election ſo odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Moſt others were ready to ſink in the place.

Yet ſome thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well underſtood,
Though the function was wicked, the ſtipend was good.

At laſt in ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, "Who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?"
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then he ne'er heard of his name.

ON THE TIMES.

SINCE in vain our parſons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has loſt its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the ſame;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we ſee
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an aukward child afford
Enough to wed the greateſt lord.

The

The miſer ſtarves to raiſe a ſon,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift ſcarce ſerve a day,
Rake-hell ſquanders all away.
Huſbands ſeeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mama 's intrigues are ſhown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having firſt at ſermon ſlept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worſe hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the nobleſt-born,
Moral virtue is a ſcorn;
Gratitude, but rare at beſt,
And fidelity a jeſt.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wiſdom raiſing ſtocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking ſide, or falling friend.
Long an officer may ſerve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may ſtarve:
No receipt, to make him riſe,
Like inventing loyal lies:
We, whoſe anceſtors have ſhin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleneſs inclin'd,
Now are grown a public ſhame.

Fatal

Fatal that inteſtine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever ſince, how ſad a race!
Senſeleſs, violent, and baſe!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I Feel a ſtrange impulſe, a ſtrong deſire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a Muſe inſpire?)
To ſing on lofty ſubjects, and to raiſe
My own low fame, by writing James's praiſe.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Obſerv'd thoſe ſeeds of fortitude and truth,
Which ſince have ſpread ſo wide, ſo wondrous high,
The good diſtreſs'd beneath that ſhelter lie.
In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all heaven's gifts, no temper is ſo rare,
As ſo much courage mix'd with ſo much care.
When martial fire makes all the ſpirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage;
Women themſelves will venture in a rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious heat,
While ſo intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel ſuch tender fears,
And, careleſs of his own, to care for theirs;

Is that compoſure which a hero makes,
And which illuſtrious York alone partakes,
With that great man *, whoſe fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble art of war.
Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh worthy of each other's vaſt renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory ſhare,
And none but York deſerve ſo great a maſter's care.
Scarce was he come to bleſs his native iſle,
And reap the ſoft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, ſtill new dangers call
His courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.
At ſea, that bloody ſcene of boundleſs rage,
Where floating caſtles in fierce flames engage
(Where Mars himſelf does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fights at land);
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In thoſe black times, when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York they fled; but not depreſt his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the duſt, it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he ſacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt heaven would all our joys reſtore.

* The Mareſchal de Turenne.

So when black clouds ſurround heaven's glorious face,
Tempeſtuous darkneſs covering all the place,
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The chearful ſight our fainting courage warms;
Fix'd upon that, we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

WRETCHED mankind! void of both ſtrength and ſkill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretenſions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though ſtill I worthleſs thought
The beſt I ever ſpoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humbleſt mind;
Within my ſoul ſuch ſtrong impulſe I find
The heavenly tribute of due praiſe to pay:
Perhaps 'tis ſacred, and I muſt obey.

Yet ſuch the ſubjects, various, and ſo high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundleſs power!
And that as boundleſs goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe ſo numberleſs my thoughts attend,
Oh where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wiſe abuſe,
So ſacred, ſo ſublime, and ſo abſtruſe,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuſe.

While

While others vainly ſtrive to know Thee more,
Let me in ſilent reverence adore;
Wiſhing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOPE to mend Shakeſpeare! or to match his ſtyle!
'Tis ſuch a jeſt would make a Stoic ſmile.
Too fond of fame, our poet ſoars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:
So ſenſible of his preſumptuous thought,
That he confeſſes while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft' in bluſhes yield to what they love.
Of greateſt actions, and of nobleſt men,
This ſtory moſt deſerves a poet's pen:
For who can wiſh a ſcene more juſtly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That ſtate of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who ſuch a ſtate inſlav'd!
Yet loth he was to take ſo rough a way,
And after govern'd with ſo mild a ſway,

At

At diſtance now of ſeventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely raviſher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuſe,
A nymph might pardon, and could ſcarce refuſe.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

I.

WHITHER is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which ſo bright has ſhone,
And with the wings of conqueſt flown,
Muſt to a haughty maſter bow:
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beſide,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearleſs he will his life expoſe;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten thoſe,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How ſtupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what ſlaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beaſt did e'er deſign
The ſetting up his fellow-creature,
And of two miſchiefs chuſe the greater? Oh!

Oh! rather than be ſlaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildneſs, and our woods, our huts, and caves again.

IV.

There, ſecure from lawleſs ſway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way;
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools:
Happily we all ſhould live, and harmleſs as our ſheep,
And at laſt as calmly die as infants fall aſleep.

CHORUS II.

LO! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliſs I come,
The awful genius of majeſtic Rome.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the maſter-ſouls of all this age,
To do an act of juſt heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man ſo great ſhould fall ſo low;
More hard to let ſo brave a people bow
To one themſelves have rais'd, who ſcorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus ſhould be ſtain'd,
Whoſe life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the reſt combine;
The very life and ſoul of their deſign,
The centre, where thoſe mighty ſpirits join.

Unthinking men no ſort of ſcruples make;
Others do ill, only for miſchief's ſake;
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by miſtake.

Thus ſome for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold uſurper to his end:
But for his country Brutus ſtabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me, whence ariſe
Theſe diſorders in our ſkies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods ſeem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in ſight of this day's ſun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to ſhroud the light
Of all this world in diſmal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man,
The greateſt ſince mankind began:
Learned, eloquent, and wiſe,
Generous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a ſacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to ſave?

II. But

II.

But will not goodneſs claim regard,
And does not worth deſerve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at ſtake?
Can they do too much for her ſake?

BOTH SPIRITS TOGETHER.

Though dreadful be this doom of fate,
Juſt is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man ſhould fall,
Than a moſt glorious, virtuous ſtate.

CHORUS IV.

HOW great a curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on human-kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentleſt nature, nobleſt mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or ſenſeleſs atoms, join
To form a ſoul ſo great as his?
Or would thoſe powers we hold divine,
Deſtroy their own chief maſter-piece?
Where ſo much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wiſe.

And, what muſt more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the beſt of Romans ſends,
To do the very worſt of faults,
And kill the kindeſt of his friends.

All this is far above our reach,
Whatever prieſts preſume to preach.

PROLOGUE
TO
MARCUS BRUTUS.

OUR ſcene is Athens. And, great Athens nam'd,
What ſoul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that ſacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men ſo fam'd, of ſuch prodigious parts,
As taught the world all ſciences and arts.
Amidſt all theſe ye ſhall behold a man
The moſt applauded ſince mankind began,
Out-ſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks who moſt excel,
Whoſe life was one fix'd courſe of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On ſuch a life, and ſuch a fatal end?
But here our author, beſides other faults
Of ill expreſſions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet to ſuch noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?

Some critics judge ev'n love itſelf too mean
A care to mix in ſuch a lofty ſcene,
And with thoſe ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendſhip has ſtronger charms to pleaſe or grieve:
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidſt all other cares, ſtill ſhines above,
Lets not the beſt of Romans end their lives
Without juſt ſoftneſs for the kindeſt wives,
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature ſuch
As to have ſoften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and paſſion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addreſt;
And now 'tis fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.
Moſt reverend dull judges of the pit,
By nature curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit!
You need not care, what-e'er you ſee to-night,
How ill ſome players act, or poets write;
Should our miſtakes be never ſo notorious,
You 'll have the joy of being more cenſorious:
Shew your ſmall talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye;
Each petty critic can objections raiſe,
The greateſt ſkill is knowing when to praiſe.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

*CHORUS III.

I.

DARK is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæſar bled,
That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a curſe,
We cannot change but for the worſe?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which Rome muſt herſelf enthral;
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey
Wretches, who know not how to ſway!

IV.

Late we repent our haſty choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!
Better that we a while had borne Ev'n

* See the firſt and ſecond choruſes, in the poems of Mr. Pope.

Ev'n all thoſe ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than ſought a cure far worſe than the diſeaſe.

CHORUS IV.

OUR vows thus chearfully we ſing,
While martial muſic fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim,
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May ſhe no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther underſtood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waſte her wealth, and ſpill her blood:
And, for reward, &c.

Our ſenators, great Jove, reſtrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the loſing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The ſhining arms with haſte prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppreſſion to increaſe,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a ſin to doubt ſucceſs,
When freedom is the noble cauſe:
And, for reward, of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

CON-

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4 AP 54

END OF BUCKINGHAM'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LANSDOWNE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE POEMS OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

On the Earl of PETERBOROUGH's happy Negotiation of the Marriage between his Royal Highneſs and the Princeſs MARY D'ESTE of Modena.

HIS Juno barren, in unfruitful joys
Our Britiſh Jove his nuptial hours employs.
So fate ordains, that all our hopes may be,
And all our ſafety, gallant York, in thee.
By the ſame wiſh aſpiring queens are led,
Each languiſhing to mount his royal bed;
His youth, his wiſdom, and his early fame,
Create in every breaſt a rival flame:
Remoteſt kings ſit trembling on their thrones,
As if no diſtance could ſecure their crowns;
Fearing his valour, wiſely they contend
To bribe with beauty ſo renown'd a friend:
Beauty the price, there need no other arts,
Love is the ſureſt bait for heroes hearts:

Nor

Nor can the fair conceal as high concern
To ſee the prince, for whom, unſeen, they burn.
Brave York, attending to the general voice,
At length reſolves to make the wiſh'd-for choice;
To noble Peterborough, wiſe and juſt,
Of his great heart he gives the ſacred truſt:
"Thy eyes, ſaid he, ſhall well direct that heart,
"Where thou, my beſt belov'd, haſt ſuch a part;
"In council oft', and oft' in battle try'd,
"Betwixt thy maſter, and the world decide."
The choſen Mercury prepares t' obey
This high command. Gently, ye winds, convey,
And with auſpicious gales his ſafety wait,
On whom depend Great Britain's hopes and fate.
So Jaſon, with his Argonauts, from Greece
To Calchos ſail'd, to fetch the golden fleece.
As when the goddeſſes came down of old
On Ida's hill, ſo many ages told,
With gifts their young Dardanian judge they try'd,
And each bad high to win him to her ſide;
So tempt they him, and emulouſly vie
To bribe a voice that empires would not buy:
With balls and banquets his pleas'd ſenſe they bait,
And queens and kings upon his pleaſures wait.
Th' impartial judge ſurveys, with vaſt delight,
All that the ſun ſurrounds of fair and bright:
Then, ſtrictly juſt, he, with adoring eyes,
To radiant Eſte gives the famous prize.
Of antique ſtock, her high deſcent ſhe brings,
Born to renew the race of Britain's kings:

Who could deſerve, like her, in whom we ſee
United, all that Paris found in three?
O equal fair! when both were ſet above
All other merit, but each other's love.

Welcome, bright princeſs, to Great Britain's ſhore,
As Berecynthia to high heaven, who bore
That ſhining race of goddeſſes and gods,
Who rul'd the world, and fill'd the bleſt abodes:
From thee, my Muſe expects as noble themes,
Another Mars and Jove, another James;
Our future hopes all from thy womb ariſe,
Our preſent joy and ſafety from your eyes;
Thoſe charming eyes that ſhine, to reconcile,
To harmony and peace, our ſtubborn Iſle:
On brazen Memnon, Phœbus caſts a ray,
And the tough metal ſo ſalutes the day.

The Britiſh dame, fam'd for reſiſtleſs grace,
Contends not now, but for the ſecond place;
Our love ſuſpended, we neglect the fair
For whom we burn'd, to gaze adoring here:
So ſang the Syrens, with enchanting ſound,
Enticing all to liſten and be drown'd,
Till Orpheus raviſh'd in a nobler ſtrain,
They ceas'd to ſing, or ſinging charm'd in vain.

This bleſt alliance, Peterborough, may
Th' indebted nation bounteouſly repay;
Thy ſtatues, for the Genius of our land,
With palm adorn'd, on every threſhold ſtand.

Spoken

Spoken by the AUTHOR, being then but Twelve Years of Age, to her Royal Highneſs the DUTCHESS of YORK, at Trinity-College in Cambridge.

WHEN join'd in one, the good, the fair, the great,
Deſcend to view the Muſes' humble ſeat,
Though in mean lines they their vaſt joys declare,
Yet, for ſincerity and truth, they dare
With your own Taſſo's mighty ſelf compare.
Then, bright and merciful as heaven, receive
From them ſuch praiſes, as to heaven they give,
Their praiſes f.r that gentle influence,
Which thoſe auſpicious lights, your eyes, diſpenſe.
Thoſe radiant eyes, whoſe irreſiſtleſs flame
Strikes Envy dumb, and keeps Sedition tame:
They can to gazing multitudes give law,
Convert the factious, and the rebel awe:
They conquer for the duke; where-e'er you tread,
Millions of proſelytes behind are led,
Through crouds of new-made converts ſtill you go,
Pleas'd and triumphant at the glorious ſhow.
Happy that prince, who has by you attain'd
A greater conqueſt than his arms e'er gain'd:
With all war's rage he may abroad o'ercome,
But love 's a gentler victory at home.
Securely here he on that face relies,
Lays-by his arms, and conquers with your eyes;
And all the glorious actions of his life
Thinks well rewarded, bleſt with ſuch a wife.

TO

TO THE KING,

IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.

MAY all thy years, like this, propitious be,
And bring thee crowns, and peace, and victory!
Scarce hadſt thou time t' unſheath thy conquering blade;
It did but glitter, and the rebels fled:
Thy ſword, the ſafeguard of thy brother's throne,
Is now become the bulwark of thy own.
Aw'd by thy fame, the trembling nations ſend
Through-out the world, to court ſo brave a friend;
The guilty ſenates that refus'd thy ſway
Repent their crime, and haſten to obey;
Tribute they raiſe, and vows and offerings bring,
Confeſs their phrenzy, and confirm their king.
Who with their venom over-ſpread thy ſoil,
Thoſe ſcorpions of the ſtate, preſent their oil.
So the world's Saviour, like a mortal dreſt,
Although by daily miracles confeſt,
Accus'd of evil doctrine by the Jews,
Their rightful lord they impiouſly refuſe;
But when they ſaw ſuch terror in the ſkies,
The temple rent, their king in glory riſe,
Dread and amazement ſeiz'd the trembling crowd,
Who, conſcious of their crime, adoring bow'd.

TO THE KING.

THO' train'd in arms, and learn'd in martial arts,
Thou chuſeſt not to conquer men, but hearts.
Expecting nations for thy triumphs wait,
But thou prefer'ſt the name of juſt to great.
So Jove ſuſpends his ſubject world to doom,
Which would he pleaſe to thunder, he 'd conſume.
O! could the ghoſts of mighty heroes dead
Return on earth, and quit th' Elyſian ſhade,
Brutus to James would truſt the people's cauſe,
Thy juſtice is a ſtronger guard than laws:
Marius and Sylla would reſign to thee,
Nor Cæſar, and great Pompey, rivals be,
Or rivals only who ſhould beſt obey,
And Cato gives his voice for regal ſway.

TO THE KING.

HEROES of old, by rapine and by ſpoil,
In ſearch of fame did all the world embroil.
Thus to their gods each then ally'd his name,
This ſprang from Jove, and that from Titan came.
With equal valour, and the ſame ſucceſs,
Dread king, might'ſt thou the univerſe oppreſs.
But chriſtian laws conſtrain thy martial pride,
Peace is thy choice, and piety thy guide;

By

By thy example kings are taught to ſway,
Heroes to fight, and ſaints may learn to pray.
The Grecian leaders were but half divine;
Neſtor in council, and Ulyſſes ſhine:
But in the day of combat, all would yield
To the fierce maſter of the ſeven-fold ſhield.
Their very deities were grac'd no more,
Mars had the courage, Jove the thunder bore:
But all perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's king is all the gods in one.

Mr. WALLER to the Author, on his foregoing Verſes to the KING.

AN early plant, which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a genius ſo beyond his years,
A judgement that could make ſo fair a choice,
So high a ſubject to employ his voice,
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing,
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs king!

TO MR. WALLER.

WHEN into Libya the young Grecian came,
To talk with Hammon, and conſult for fame,
When from the ſacred tripod where he ſtood,
The prieſt inſpir'd ſaluted him a god;
Scarce ſuch a joy that haughty victor knew,
So own'd by heaven, as I thus prais'd by you.

Whoe'er their names can in thy numbers ſhow,
Have more than empire, and immortal grow;
Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the powers of old,
When in thy verſe of greater gods they 're told;
Our beauteous queen, and martial monarch's name,
For Jove and Juno ſhall be plac'd by Fame,
Thy Charles for Neptune ſhall the ſeas command,
And Sachariſſa ſhall for Venus ſtand;
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty Rome,
But think from Britain all the gods did come.

TO THE

IMMORTAL MEMORY OF MR. WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

A Like partaking of celeſtial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aſpire;
Till, crown'd with honour and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods, that breath'd the noble flame:
Homer ſhall laſt like Alexander long,
As much recorded, and as often ſung.
A tree of life is ſacred poetry;
Sweet is thy fruit, and tempting to the eye.
Many there are who nibble without leave;
But none, who are not born to taſte, ſurvive.

Waller

Waller ſhall never die, of life ſecure,
As long as Fame or aged Time endure:
Waller, the Muſe's darling, free to taſte
Of all their ſtores, the maſter of the feaſt;
Not like old Adam ſtinted in his choice,
But lord of all the ſpacious paradiſe.

Thoſe foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Favouring his fame, once to do juſtice join'd;
No carping critick interrupts his praiſe,
No rival ſtrives, but for a ſecond place:
No want conſtrain'd, the writer's uſual fate;
A poet, with a plentiful eſtate;
The firſt of mortals, who before the tomb
Struck the pernicious monſter, Envy, dumb,
Malice and Pride, thoſe ſavages, diſarm'd;
Not Orpheus with ſuch powerful magic charm'd.
Scarce in the grave can we allow him more
Than, living, we agreed to give before.

His noble Muſe employ'd her generous rage
In crowning virtue, ſcorning to engage
The vice and follies of an impious age:
No ſatyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods abound,
Glory, and arms, and love, is all the ſound:
His Eden with no ſerpent is defil'd,
But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Miſtaken men his Muſe of flattery blame,
Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name:
We raiſe our own, by giving fame to foes;
The valour that he prais'd he did oppoſe.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
The ſtate and buſineſs ſhar'd his ample mind:
As all the fair were captives to his wit,
So ſenates to his counſels would ſubmit:
His voice ſo ſoft, his eloquence ſo ſtrong.
Like Cato's was his ſpeech, like Ovid's was his ſong.

Our Britiſh kings are rais'd above the hearſe,
Immortal made in his immortal verſe;
No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
But the celeſtial Charles's and juſt James:
Juno and Pallas, all the ſhining race
Of heavenly beauties, to the queen give place;
Clear like her brow, and graceful was his ſong,
Great like her mind, and like her virtue ſtrong.

Parent of gods, who do'ſt to gods remove,
Where art thou plac'd, and which thy ſeat above?
Waller the god of verſe we will proclaim,
Not Phœbus now, but Waller be his name;
Of joyful bards the ſweet ſeraphic quire
Acknowledge thee their oracle and ſire;
The ſpheres do homage, and the Muſes ſing
Waller the god of verſe, who was the king.

ON THE QUEEN'S PICTURE,

GIVEN IN EXCHANGE FOR ANOTHER.

OF the rude Indians, artleſs and untaught,
So brighteſt jewels are with trifles bought:
Deceiv'd Ixion's fate revers'd is ſhow'd,
Imperial Juno given for a cloud.

ON

ON THE QUEEN.

WHEN we reflect upon our charming queen,
Her wit, her beauty, her imperial mein:
Majeſtic Juno in her air we find,
The form of Venus with Minerva's mind:
Who was ſo grac'd, ſhe, ſhe was fit alone
With Royal James to fill the Britiſh throne.

LOVE.

TO love, is to be doom'd, in life, to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell.
The vulture dipping in Prometheus' ſide
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is Love: the ſtone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning ſtill,
Is Love: thoſe ſtreams where Tantalus is curſt
To ſit, and never drink, with endleſs thirſt,
Thoſe loaden boughs that with their burthen bend
To court his taſte, and yet eſcape his hand,
All this is Love, that to diſſembled joys
Invites vain men, and real griefs deſtroys.

THE
PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

THE God of Day, deſcending from above,
Mixt with the Sea, and got the Queen of Love:
Beauty, that fires the world, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone, who lights the ſtars and ſkies.
In Cyprus long, by men and gods obey'd,
The lover's toil ſhe gratefully repaid;
Promiſcuous bleſſings to her ſlaves aſſign'd,
And ſhew'd the world that beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this pattern, all ye fair, to charm;
Bright be your beams, but without ſcorching warm.
Helen was next from Greece to Phrygia brought,
With much expence of blood and empire ſought;
Beauty and love the nobleſt cauſe afford
That can try valour, or employ the ſword:
Not men alone, incited by her charms,
But heaven 's concern'd, and all the gods take arms.
The happy Trojan, glorioufly poſſeſt,
Enjoys, and lets deſpairing fools conteſt:
" Secure, ſaid he, of that for which they fight,
" Theirs be the toil, and mine be the delight;
" Your dull reflections, moraliſts, forbear;
" His title 's beſt, who beſt can pleaſe the fair."
Ten years, a noble ſpace! he kept his hold;
Nor loſt, till Beauty was decay'd and old,
And Love by long poſſeſſion pall'd and cold.

And

And now the gods, in pity to the cares,
The fierce deſires, diviſions, and deſpairs
Of tortur'd men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming kind.
Greece was the land where this bright race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand rivals to the ſun;
Hence follow'd arts, each ſtudying with care
Some new production to delight the fair.
To bright Egeria, Socrates retir'd;
His wiſdom grew but as his love inſpir'd:
Thoſe rocks and oaks that ſuch emotions felt,
Were cruel maids, whom Orpheus taught to melt:
Muſic and ſongs, and every way to move
The raviſh'd heart, were ſeeds and plants of love.
The gods, entic'd by ſo divine a birth,
Deſcend from heaven to this new heaven on earth;
Thy wit, O Mercury, 's no defence from love,
Nor, Mars, thy target, nor thy thunder, Jove.
The mad immortals, in a thouſand ſhapes,
Range the wide globe; ſome yield, ſome ſuffer rapes;
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes:
The wife, though a bright goddeſs, thus gives place
To mortal concubines of freſh embrace:
By ſuch examples were we taught to ſee
The life and ſoul of love is ſweet variety.
In thoſe firſt times, ere charming womankind
Reform'd their pleaſures, poliſhing the mind,
Rude were their revels, and obſcene their joys,
The broils of drunkards, and the luſt of boys;

Phœbus

Phœbus laments for Hyacinthus dead,
And Juno, jealous, ſtorms at Ganymede.
Return, my Muſe, and cloſe that odious ſcene,
Nor ſtain thy verſe with images unclean:
Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining progreſs view,
From clime to clime the dazzling light purſue,
Tell how the goddeſs ſpread, and how in empire grew.
Let others govern or defend the ſtate,
Plead at the bar, or manage a debate;
In lofty arts and ſciences excel,
Or in proud domes employ their boaſted ſkill,
To marble and to braſs ſuch features give,
The metal and the ſtone may ſeem to live;
Deſcribe the ſtars and planetary way,
And trace the footſteps of eternal day;
Be this, my Muſe, thy pleaſure and thy care,
A ſlave to beauty to record the fair;
Still wandering in Love's ſweet delicious maze,
To ſing the triumphs of a heavenly face,
Of lovely dames, who with a ſmile or frown
Subdue the proud, the ſuppliant lover crown;
From Venus down to Mira bring thy ſong,
To thee alone ſuch tender taſks belong.
From Greece to Afric Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near approach to light:
Frown not, ye fair, to hear of ſwarthy dames
With radiant eyes, that take unerring aims;
Beauty by no complexion is defin'd,
Is of all colours, and to none confin'd:

Jewels

Jewels that ſhine in gold or ſilver ſet,
As ſparkling and as precious are in jet.
Here Cleopatra, with a liberal heart,
Bounteous of love, improv'd the joy with art;
The firſt who gave recruited ſlaves to know
That the rich pearl was of more uſe than ſhow;
Who with high meats, or a luxurious draught,
Kept love for ever flowing and full fraught.
Julius and Anthony, thoſe lords of all,
Low at her feet preſent the conquer'd ball;
Thoſe dreadful eagles, that had fac'd the ſun
From pole to pole, at length fall dazzled down.
Her dying truth ſome generous tears would coſt,
But that her fate inſpir'd "The World Well Loſt*;"
With ſecret pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
The image of that death which Dryden drew.
Pleas'd in ſuch happy climates, warm and bright,
Love for ſome ages revel'd with delight:
The martial Moors, in gallantry refin'd,
Invent new arts to make their charmers kind:
See! in the liſts, by golden barriers bound,
In warlike ranks they wait the trumpet's ſound;
Some love-device is wrought on every ſword,
And every ribbon bears ſome myſtic word:
As when we ſee the winged winds engage,
Mounted on courſers foaming flame and rage,

* All for Love; or, The World Well Loſt, written by Mr. Dryden.

Ruſtling

Ruſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
North, eaſt, and weſt, in airy ſwiftneſs vie,
One cloud repuls'd, new combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thundering war:
So when the trumpet ſounding gives the ſign,
The juſtling chiefs the rude rencounter join;
So meet, and ſo renew the dextrous fight,
Each fair beholder trembling for her knight;
Their clattering arms with the fierce ſhock reſound,
Helmets and broken lances ſpread the ground.
Still as one falls another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be o'ercome, or none can win:
The victor, from the glittering dame, whoſe eyes
Aided his conquering arm, receives a precious prize.
Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in ſtate,
Till the proud Spaniard gave thoſe glories date:
Paſt is the gallantry, the fame remains,
Tranſmitted ſafe in Dryden's lofty ſcenes:
Granada * loſt, behold her pomps reſtor'd,
And Almahide † again by kings ador'd.
Love, driven thence, to colder Britain flies,
And with bright eyes the diſtant ſun ſupplies;
Romances, that relate the dreadful fights,
The loves and proweſs of adventurous knights,
To animate their rage, a kiſs, record,
From Britain's faireſt nymph, was the reward.

* The Conqueſt of Granada, written by Mr. Dryden.
† The part of Almahide, acted by Nell Gwyn.

Thus ancient to Love's empire was the claim
Of Britiſh beauty, and ſo wide the fame,
Which like our flag upon the ſeas gives law,
By right avow'd, and keeps the world in awe.
Our gallant kings, of whom long annals prove
The mighty deeds, ſtand as renown'd for love;
A monarch's right o'er beauty they may claim,
Lords of that ocean from whence beauty came.
Thy Roſamond, great Henry, on the ſtage
By a late Muſe preſented in our age,
With aching hearts and flowing eyes we view,
While that diſſembled death preſents the true:
In Bracegirdle the perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the ſpectators ſee.
Of Scots and Gauls defeated, and their kings
Thy captives, Edward, Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high deeds thy noble loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt trophy rais'd:
Thy ſtatues, Venus, though by Phidia's hand
Deſign'd immoral, yet no longer ſtand;
The magic of thy ſhining zone is paſt,
But Saliſbury's garter ſhall for ever laſt;
Which, through the world by living monarchs worn,
Adds grace to ſceptres, and does crowns adorn.
If ſuch their fame, who gave theſe rites divine
To ſacred Love, O what diſhonour's thine,
Forgetful queen, who ſever'd that bright head
Which charm'd two mighty monarchs to her bed!
Hadſt thou been born a man, thou hadſt not err'd,
Thy fame had liv'd, and beauty been preferr'd.

But

But ah! what mighty magic can aſſwage
A woman's envy, and a bigot's rage!
Love tir'd at length, Love that delights to ſmile,
Flying from ſcenes of horror, quits our iſle;
With Charles the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In exile live, for Love and he were one.
With Charles he wanders, and for Charles he mourns;
But oh, how fierce the joy when Charles returns!
As eager flames, with oppoſition pent,
Break out impetuous when they find a vent!
As a fierce torrent hinder'd in his race,
Forcing his way, rolls with redoubled pace;
From the loud palace to the ſilent grove,
All by the king's example live, and love:
The Muſes with diviner voices ſing,
And a'l rejoice to pleaſe the god-like king.
Then Waller in immortal verſe proclaims
The ſhining court, and all the glittering dames.
Thy beauty, Sidney *, like Achilles' ſword,
Reſiſtleſs ſtands, upon as ſure record;
The foremoſt hero, and the brighteſt dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their fate the ſame.
And now, my Muſe, a nobler ſong prepare,
And ſing it loud, that heaven and earth may hear.
Behold from Italy a wandering ray
Of moving light illuminates the day,

* The Lady Dorothy Sidney, celebrated under the name of Sachariſſa.

Northward

Northward ſhe bends, majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial light.
Be bold, be bold, my Muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy voice to her who was thy earlieſt praiſe:
What though the ſullen fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious line;
Keep thy bright theme within thy ſteady ſight,
The clouds ſhall fly before the dazzling light,
And everlaſting day direct thy lofty flight:
Thou who haſt never yet put on diſguiſe
To flatter folly or deſcend to vice,
Let no vain fear thy generous ardour tame,
But ſtand erect, and ſound as loud as Fame.

As when our eye, ſome proſpect to purſue,
Deſcending from a hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er lawns and meadows, till it gains
Some beauteous ſpot, and fixing there, remains:
With equal rapture my tranſported Muſe,
Flies other objects this bright theme to chuſe.
Queen of our hearts, and charmer of our ſight,
A monarch's pride, his glory, and delight,
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd, if verſe can give
A deathleſs name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where'er the Britiſh lion roars,
Extended as the ſeas that gird the Britiſh ſhores.
The wiſe immortals in their ſeats above,
To crown their labours, ſtill appointed Love:
Phœbus enjoy'd the goddeſs of the Sea,
Alcides had Omphalé, James has Thee.

O happy

O happy James! content thy mighty mind,
Grudge not the world, for ſtill thy queen is kind;
To lie but at whoſe feet, more glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on ſceptres and on kings:
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Who would not give their crowns to be ſo bleſt?
Was Helen half ſo fair, ſo form'd for joy,
Well choſe the Trojan, and well burnt was Troy.
But ah! what ſtrange viciſſitudes of fate,
What chance attends on every worldly ſtate!
As when the ſkies were ſack'd, the conquer'd gods,
Compell'd from heaven, forſook their bleſt abodes;
Wandering in woods they fled from den to den,
Or, leading flocks, turn'd hirelings to men:
Or, as the ſtately pine erecting high
Her beauteous branches, ſhooting to the ſky,
If ſtrucken by the thunderbolt of Jove,
Down falls at once the pride of all the grove,
Level with loweſt earth lies the tall head,
That rear'd aloft, as to the clouds was ſpread:
So ——————
But ceaſe, my Muſe, thy colours are too faint,
Hide with a veil thoſe griefs that none can paint:
This ſun is ſet---but ſee in bright array
What hoſts of heavenly light recruit the day!
Love in a ſhining galaxy appears
Triumphant ſtill, and Grafton leads the ſtars:
Ten thouſand loves ten thouſand ſeveral ways
Invade the lookers-on, who die to gaze,

Knowing

Knowing our dooms, as to the Syren's voice,
So ſweet 's th' enchantment, that our fate 's our choice.
Who moſt reſembles her, let next be nam'd,
Villiers for wiſdom as for beauty fam'd:
Of a high race that conquering Beauty brings
To charm the world, and ſubjects make of kings.
With what delight my Muſe to Sandwich flies,
Whoſe wit is piercing as her ſparkling eyes;
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her aery wings,
And tunes her voice, when ſhe of Ormond ſings,
Of radiant Ormond, only fit to be
The ſucceſſor of beauteous Oſſory.
Richmond 's a title that but nam'd implies
Majeſtic graces and victorious eyes;
Holmes and St. Albans rich in charms appear;
Hyde Venus is, the Graces are Kildare:
By Eſſex, and fair Rutenberg, we find
That beauty to no climate is confin'd.
Rupert, of royal blood, with modeſt grace,
Bluſhes to hear the triumphs of her face.
Careleſs, but yet ſecure of conqueſt ſtill,
Lu'ſon, unaiming, never fails to kill*,
Guiltleſs of pride, to captivate, or ſhine,
Bright without art, ſhe wounds without deſign.
But Wyndham like a tyrant throws the dart,
And takes a cruel pleaſure in the ſmart;
Proud of the ravage that her beauties make,
Delights in wounds, and kills for killing-ſake;

* Lady Gower.

Aſſerting the dominion of her eyes,
As heroes fight, for glory, not for prize.
The ſkilful Muſe's earlieſt care has been
The praiſe of never-fading Mazarin;
The poet * and his theme, in ſpight of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs prime.
With charms ſo numerous Myra can ſurprize,
The lover knows not by which dart he dies;
So thick the volley, and the wound ſo ſure,
No flight can ſave, no remedy can cure.
Yet dawning in her infancy of light,
O ſee another Brudenell heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the glories of her line,
And fix Love's empire in that race divine.
Fain would my Muſe to Stowel bend her ſight,
But turns aſtoniſh'd from the dazzling light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy flight.

O Kneller! like thy pictures were my ſong,
Clear like thy paint, and like thy pencil ſtrong,
Theſe matchleſs beauties ſhould recorded be
Immortal in my verſe, as in thy gallery †.

* St. Evremond, who has celebrated Madam Mazarin under the name of Hortenſe.

† The gallery of beauties at Hampton Court, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

ON MY LADY HYDE,

HAVING THE SMALL-POX.

SCARCE could the general joy for Mohun appear,
But new attempts ſhow other dangers near;
Beauty 's attack'd in her imperial fort,
Where all her Loves and Graces keep their court,
In her chief reſidence beſieg'd at laſt,
Laments to ſee her faireſt fields laid waſte.
On things immortal all attempts are vain,
Tyrant Diſeaſe, 'tis loſs of time and pain;
Glut thy wild rage, and load thee with rich prize,
Torn from her cheeks, her fragrant lips and eyes,
As much vermilion, as much luſtre take,
As might a Helen or a Venus make;
Like Thetis ſhe ſhall fruſtrate thy vain rape,
And in variety of charms eſcape.
The twinkling ſtars drop numberleſs each night,
Yet ſhines the radiant firmament as bright;
So from the ocean ſhould the rivers drain,
Still would enough to drown the world remain.

TO MYRA.

WARN'D and made wiſe by others flame,
I fled from whence ſuch miſchiefs came,
Shunning the ſex that kills at ſight,
I ſought my ſafety in my flight.

But ah! in vain from fate we fly!
For, firſt or laſt, as all muſt die,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That, firſt or laſt, we all muſt love.

My heart, that ſtood ſo long the ſhock
Of winds and waves, like ſome firm rock,
By one bright ſpark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

TO MYRA.

SONG.

FOOLISH Love, begone, ſaid I,
Vain are thy attempts on me,
Thy ſoft allurements I defy;
Women, thoſe fair diſſemblers, fly;
My heart 's not made for thee.

Love heard, and ſtrait prepar'd a dart:
Myra, revenge my cauſe, ſaid he.
Too ſure 'twas ſhot; I feel the ſmart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart:
O Love! my conqueror, pity me.

TO

TO MYRA.

THE SURRENDER.

NOW fly, Diſcretion, to my aid,
See haughty Myra, fair and bright,
In all the pomp of love array'd;
Ah, how I tremble at her ſight!
She comes! ſhe comes! before her all
Mankind does proſtrate fall.
Love, a deſtroyer fierce and young,
Adventurous, terrible, and ſtrong,
Cruel and raſh, delighting ſtill to vex,
Sparing nor age nor ſex,
Commands in chief: well fortify'd he lies,
And from her lips, her cheeks, her eyes,
All oppoſition he defies.
Reaſon, Love's old inveterate foe,
Scarce ever reconcil'd till now,
Reaſon aſſiſts her too.
A wiſe commander he, for council fit,
But nice and coy, nor has been ſeen to ſit
In modern ſynods, nor appear'd of late
In courts or camps, or in affairs of ſtate;
Reaſon proclaims them all his foes,
Who ſuch reſiſtleſs charms oppoſe.
My very boſom-friends make war
Within my breaſt, and in her intereſts are;

Eſteem and Judgment with ſtrong Fancy join,
To call the fair invader in;
My darling favourite, Inclination too,
All, all conſpiring with the foe
Ah! whither ſhall I fly to hide
My weakneſs from the conqueror's pride?
Now, now, Diſcretion be my guide!
But ſee, this mighty Archimedes too
Surrenders now;
Preſuming longer to reſiſt,
His very name
Diſcretion muſt diſclaim,
Folly and Madneſs only would perſiſt.

TO MYRA.

SONG.

I'LL tell her the next time, ſaid I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my timorous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thouſand thouſand fears
Still over-awe when ſhe appears,
My breath is ſpent in ſighs, my eyes are drown'd in tears.

TO MYRA.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

I.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like ſudden death it came,
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

II.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe, ſo ſhining to behold,
Is fill'd with richeſt gems and gold.

III.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more;
And fancy blows into a flame
The ſpark that from her beauty came.

IV.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught:
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art,
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

TO MYRA.

I.

WHEN wilt thou break, my ſtubborn heart?
O Death, how ſlow to take my part!
Whatever I purſue, denies,
Death, Death itſelf, like Myra flies.

II.

Love and Deſpair, like twins, poſſeſt
At the ſame fatal birth my breaſt:
No hope could be, her ſcorn was all
That to my deſtin'd lot could fall.

III.

I thought, alas! that Love could dwell
But in warm climes, where no ſnow fell;
Like plants, that kindly heat require,
To be maintain'd by conſtant fire.

IV.

That without hope 'twould die as ſoon,
A little hope---but I have none.
On air the poor Camelions thrive,
Deny'd ev'n that, my love can live.

V.

As tougheſt trees in ſtorms are bred,
And grow in ſpite of winds, and ſpread,
The more the tempeſt tears and ſhakes
My love, the deeper root it takes.

VI.

Deſpair, that aconite does prove,
And certain death to other's love;
That poiſon, never yet withſtood,
Does nouriſh mine, and turns to food.

VII.

O! for what crime is my torn heart
Condemn'd to ſuffer deathleſs ſmart?
Like ſad Prometheus, thus to lie
In endleſs pain, and never die.

IN PRAISE OF MYRA.

I.

TUNE, tune thy lyre; begin, my Muſe;
What nymph, what queen, what goddeſs wilt thou chuſe?
Whoſe praiſes ſing? what charmer's name
Tranſmit immortal down to fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy ſtrings; let Echo take the ſound,
And bear it far, to all the mountains round:
Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And Hæmus too, as when th' enchanting voice
Of tuneful Orpheus charm'd the grove,
Taught oaks to dance, and made the cedars move.

II.

Nor Venus, nor Diana, will we name,
Myra is Venus and Diana too;
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true:
Then ſing, my Muſe, let Myra be your theme.

As

As when the ſhepherds would a garland make,
They ſearch with pains the fragrant meadows round,
Plucking but here and there, and only take
The ſweeteſt flowers, with which ſome nymph is crown'd:
In framing Myra ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame care;
All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All, beauteous Myra, all bound up in thee.

III.

Where Myra is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' Arcadian paſtures, and the Cyprian grove:
When Myra walks, ſo charming is her mien,
In every motion every grace is ſeen:
When Myra ſpeaks, ſo juſt 's the ſenſe and ſtrong,
So ſweet 's the voice, 'tis like the Muſe's ſong.
Place me on mountains of eternal ſnow,
Where all is ice, all winter winds that blow;
Or caſt me underneath the burning line,
Where everlaſting ſun does ſhine,
Where all is ſcorch'd---whatever you decree,
Ye gods! whatever I ſhall be,
Myra ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

My

My Lady Hyde, ſitting for her Picture.

WHILE Kneller with inimitable art
Attempts that face, whoſe print 's on every heart,
The poet with a pencil leſs confin'd
Shall draw her virtues, and deſcribe her mind.
Unlock the ſhrine, and to the ſight unfold
The ſecret gems, and all the inward gold.
To only patterns do the Muſes name
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame:
A Venus and a Helen have been ſeen
Both perjur'd wives, the goddeſs and the queen:
In this, the third, are reconcil'd at laſt
Thoſe jarring attributes of fair and chaſte.
This dazzling beauty is a lovely caſe
Of ſhining virtue, ſpotleſs as her face,
With graces that attract, but not enſnare,
Divinely good, as ſhe 's divinely fair;
With beauty nor affected, vain, nor proud,
With greatneſs eaſy, affable, and good.
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindneſs, practiſe on our hearts,
With expectation blow the paſſion up;
She fans the fire without one gale of hope:
Like the chaſte moon ſhe ſhines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

Written in a Garden in the North.

WHAT charm is this, that in the midſt of ſnow,
Of ſtorms and blaſts, the nobleſt fruits do grow?
Melons on beds of ice are taught to bear,
And ſtrangers to the ſun, yet ripen here:
On frozen ground the ſweeteſt flowers ariſe,
Unſeen by any light but Flavia's eyes:
Where'er ſhe treads, beneath the charmer's feet
The roſe, the jaſmine, and the lilies meet:
Where'er ſhe looks, behold ſome ſudden birth
Adorns the trees, and fructifies the earth:
In midſt of mountains and unfruitful ground,
As rich an Eden as the firſt is found.
In this new paradiſe ſhe reigns in ſtate
With ſovereign pride, diſdainful of a mate;
Like the firſt charmer fair, but not ſo frail,
Againſt whoſe virtue all temptations fail:
Beneath thoſe beams that ſcorch us from her eyes,
Her ſnowy boſom ſtill unmelted lies:
Love from her lips ſpreads all his odours round,
But bears an ice, and ſprings from frozen ground.
So cold the clime that can ſuch wonders bear,
The garden ſeems an emblem of the fair.

TO

TO DAPHNE.

A Roman and a Greek our praiſe divide,
Nor can we yet who beſt deſerv'd decide:
Behold two mightier conquerors appear,
Some for your wit, ſome for your eyes declare,
Debates ariſe which captivates us moſt,
And none can tell the charm by which he 's loſt.
The bow and quiver does Diana bear,
Cybel the lions, Pallas has the ſpear;
Poets ſuch emblems to their gods aſſign,
Hearts bleeding by the dart and pen be thine.

TO A VERY LEARNED YOUNG LADY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws conſtrain,
Now for ſome ages kept the world in pain;
Beauty by vaſt deſtructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known;
But Delia, more auſpicious to mankind,
Conquering the heart, as much inſtructs the mind;
Bleſt in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love, and hearing, we grow wiſe:
So Rome, for wiſdom as for conqueſt fam'd,
Improv'd with arts whom ſhe by arms had tam'd.

Above

Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her enquiring ſight;
Athens and Rome for arts reſtor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new muſic from her voice.
Learning and Love in the ſame ſeat we find,
So bright her form, and ſo adorn'd 's her mind.

Long has Minerva govern'd in the ſkies,
But now deſcends, confeſt to human eyes:
Behold in Delia that inſpiring queen
Whom learned Athens ſo ador'd unſeen.

THYRSIS AND DELIA.

THYRSIS.

DELIA, how long muſt I deſpair,
And tax you with diſdain,
Still to my tender love ſevere,
Untouch'd when I complain?

DELIA.

When men of equal merit love us,
And do with equal ardour ſue,
Thyrſis, you know but one can move us;
Can I be yours and Strephon's too?
My eyes view both with mighty pleaſure,
Impartial to your high deſert,
To both alike eſteem I meaſure,
To one alone can give my heart.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Myſterious guide of inclination,
Tell me, tyrant, why am I,
With equal merit, equal paſſion,
Thus the victim choſe to die?
Why am I
The victim choſe to die?

DELIA.

On Fate alone depends ſucceſs,
And Fancy Reaſon over-rules,
Or, why ſhould virtue ever miſs
Reward, ſo often given to fools?
'Tis not the valiant nor the witty,
But who alone is born to pleaſe,
Love does predeſtinate our pity;
We chuſe but whom he firſt decrees.

MY LADY HYDE.

WHEN fam'd Apelles ſought to frame
Some image of th' Idalian dame,
To furniſh graces for the piece
He ſummon'd all the nymphs of Greece;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To ſhow how one immortal ſhin'd.
Had Hyde thus ſat by proxy too,
As Venus then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all the train
Of goddeſſes had ſummon'd been;

The painter muſt have ſearch'd the ſkies
To match the luſtre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new,
In her we many mortals ſee,
As many goddeſſes in thee.

AN APOLOGY
FOR AN
UNSEASONABLE SURPRIZE.

FAireſt Zelinda, ceaſe to chide, or grieve,
Nor bluſh at joys that only you can give.
Who with bold eyes ſurvey'd thoſe matchleſs charms,
Is puniſh'd, ſeeing in another's arms.
With greedy looks he views each naked part,
Joy feeds his ſight, and envy tears his heart.
So caught was Mars, and Mercury aloud
Proclaim'd his grief, that he was not the god:
So to be caught was every god's deſire;
Nor leſs than Venus can Zelinda fire.
Forgive him then, thou more than heavenly fair,
Forgive his raſhneſs, puniſh'd by deſpair.
All that we know which wretched mortals feel
In thoſe ſad regions where the tortur'd dwell,
Is that they ſee the raptures of the bleſt,
And view the joys that they muſt never taſte.

MYRA

MYRA SINGING.

THE Syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd;
Ty'd to the maſt, Ulyſſes ſail'd unharm'd:
Had Myra's voice entic'd his liſtening ear,
The Greek had ſtopt, and would have dy'd to hear.
When Myra ſings, we ſeek th' inchanting ſound,
And bleſs the notes, that can ſo ſweetly wound:
What muſick needs muſt dwell upon that tongue,
Whoſe ſpeech is tuneful as another's ſong?
Such harmony, ſuch wit, a face ſo fair,
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.
Like ſoldiers ſo in battle we ſucceed,
One peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed;
In vain the dart or glittering ſword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering gun.

MYRA IN HER RIDING HABIT.

WHEN Myra in her ſex's garb we ſee,
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be;
Now, fair Adonis, in this male-diſguiſe,
Or Cupid, killing with his mother's eyes:
No ſtile of empire chang'd by this remove,
Who ſeem'd the Goddeſs, ſeems the God of Love.

SONG TO MYRA.

FOrſaken of my kindly ſtars,
Within thy melancholy grove
I waſte my days and nights in tears,
A victim to ungrateful love.
The happy ſtill untimely end:
Death flies from grief; or why ſhould I
So many hours in ſorrow ſpend,
Wiſhing, alas! in vain to die?
Ye powers! take pity of my pain,
This, only this, is my deſire;
Ah! take from Myra her diſdain,
Or let me with this ſigh expire.

SONG TO MYRA.

WHY ſhould a heart ſo tender break?
O Myra! give its anguiſh eaſe:
The uſe of beauty you miſtake,
Not meant to vex, but pleaſe.
Thoſe lips for ſmiling were deſign'd,
That boſom to be preſt,
Your eyes to languiſh and look kind,
For amorous arms your waſte:
Each thing has its appointed right
Eſtabliſh'd by the powers above;
The ſun and ſtars give warmth and light,
The fair diſtribute love.

TO

TO MYRA.

NAture, indulgent, provident, and kind,
In all things that excel ſome uſe deſign'd,
The radiant ſun, of every heavenly light
The firſt, did Myra not diſpute that right,
Sends from above ten thouſand bleſſings down,
Nor is he ſet ſo high for ſhow alone;
His beams reviving with auſpicious fire,
Freely we all enjoy what all admire.
The moon and ſtars, thoſe faithful guides of night,
Are plac'd to help, not entertain, the ſight.
Plants, fruits, and flowers, the fertile fields produce,
Not for vain ornament, but wholeſome uſe;
Health they reſtore, and nouriſhment they give,
We ſee with pleaſure, but we taſte to live.
Then think not, Myra, that thy form was meant
More to create deſire, than to content:
Would the juſt gods ſo many charms provide
Only to gratify a mortal's pride?
Would they have rais'd thee ſo above thy ſex
Only to play the tyrant, and to vex?
'Tis impious pleaſure to delight in harm,
And beauty ſhould be kind, as well as charm.

MYRA'S PARROT.

IN thoſe firſt times, when nymphs were rude and coy,
The gods diſguis'd, laid ambuſhes for joy;
From Jove in feathers, harmleſs to the ſight,
Læda, without a bluſh, accepts delight.
Myra, as chaſte as Læda, and more fair,
Forgive an anxious lover's jealous care,
And O take heed, for, if ſuch tales were true,
The gods may practiſe theſe deſigns on you;
Their heaven and all their brightneſs they will quit
For any form, that may to you admit.
See, how the wanton bird, at every glance,
Spreads his gay plumes, and feels an amorous trance;
Preſt by that hand, he melts at every touch;
Preſt by that hand, who would not melt as much?
The Queen of Beauty ſhall forſake the dove,
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

TO MYRA.

SINCE truth and conſtancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor ſenſe of pain,
Nor force of reaſon, can perſuade,
Then let example be obey'd.
In courts and cities, could you ſee
How well the wanton fools agree,

Were

Were all the curtains drawn, you'd find
Scarce one, perhaps, but who is kind.
Minerva, naked from above
With Venus, and the wife of Jove,
Expoſing every beauty bare,
Deſcended to the Trojan heir;
Yet this was ſhe whom poets name
Goddeſs of Charity and Fame.
Penelope, her lord away,
Gave amorous audiences all the day;
Now round the bowl the ſuitors ſit,
With wine provoking mirth and wit:
Then down they take the ſtubborn bow;
Their ſtrength, it ſeems, ſhe needs muſt know:
Thus twenty cheerful winters paſt,
She's yet immortaliz'd for chaſte.
Smile, Myra, then; reward my flame,
And be as much ſecure of fame:
By all thoſe matchleſs beauties fir'd,
By my own matchleſs love inſpir'd,
So will I ſing, ſuch wonders write,
That, when th' aſtoniſh'd world ſhall cite
A nymph of ſpotleſs worth and fame,
Myra ſhall be th' immortal name,

THE DISCOVERY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF N——

WITH Myra's charms, and my extreme deſpair,
Long has my Muſe amaz'd the reader's ear,
My friends with pity heard the mournful ſound,
And all enquir'd who gave the fatal wound;
Th' aſtoniſh'd world beheld an endleſs flame,
Ne'er to be quench'd, and knew not whence it came:
So ſcatter'd fire from burning Ætna flies,
Yet none can tell from whence thoſe flames ariſe.
My timorous tongue, ſtill trembling to confeſs,
Fearful to name, would fain have had her gueſs;
Slight paſſions with great eaſe we can unfold,
Were my love leſs, my tongue had been more bold;
But who can live, and endleſs torments feel?
Compell'd by racks, the moſt reſolv'd reveal
Thoſe ſecrets, that their prudence would conceal.
My weeping Muſe, oppreſt with hopeleſs vows,
Flies to her feet, and thus for mercy bows.
Survey your ſelf, and then forgive your ſlave,
Think what a paſſion ſuch a form muſt have;
Who can, unmov'd, behold that heavenly face,
Thoſe radiant eyes, and that reſiſtleſs grace?
My vows to Myra all were meant to thee,
The praiſe, the love, the matchleſs conſtancy.
'Twas thus of old, when all th' immortal dames
Were grac'd by poets, each with ſeveral names;

For

For Venus, Cytherea was invok'd,
Altars for Pallas, to Athena ſmok'd:
Such names were theirs; and thou the moſt divine,
Moſt lov'd of heavenly beuties, Myra 's thine.

MYRA AT A REVIEW.

LET meaner beauties conquer ſingly ſtill,
But haughty Myra will by thouſands kill,
Through armed ranks triumphantly ſhe drives,
And with one glance commands ten thouſand lives:
The trembling heroes nor reſiſt nor fly,
But at the head of all their ſquadrons die.

TO MYRA.

I.

SO calm and ſo ſerene but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow?
Her aguiſh love now glows and burns,
Then chills and ſhakes, and the cold fit returns.

II.

Mock'd with deluding looks and ſmiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My aery hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs, to ſee my torments never end.

III.

So up the ſteepy hill with pain
The weighty ſtone is roll'd in vain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the labourer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

THoughtful nights, and reſtleſs waking,
O the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.
Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Every, every way undone.
Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, paſſion rending,
O the pangs of jealouſy!
From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah how ſweet, could love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce immortal ecſtaſy.

TO MYRA.

SONG.

PRepar'd to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd maid,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why is my tongue afraid?

With

With the leaſt glance a little kind,
  Such wondrous power have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enſlaves my mind,
  And all my rage diſarms.
Forgetful of her broken vows,
  When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vaſſal trembling bows,
  Nor dares her ſlave repine.

TO MYRA.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

In Imitation of the PHARMACEUTRIA of THEOCRITUS.

MIX, mix the philtres---Quick---ſhe flies, ſhe flies,
  Deaf to my call, regardleſs of my cries.
Are vows ſo vain? Could oaths ſo feeble prove?
Ah with what eaſe ſhe breaks thoſe chains of love!
Whom Love with all his arts had bound in vain,
Let charms compel, and magic rites regain.
  Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
  Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Queen of the night, bright empreſs of the ſtars,
The friend of love, aſſiſt a lover's cares:
And thou, infernal Hecate, be nigh,
At whoſe approach fierce wolves affrighted fly,
Dark tombs diſcloſe their dead, and hollow cries
Echo from under ground; Ariſe, ariſe.
  Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
  Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

As

As crackling in the fire this laurel lies,
So ſtruggling in Love's flames her lover dies:
It burſts, and in a blaze of light expires;
So may ſhe burn, but with more laſting fires.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As the wax melts that to the flames I hold,
So may ſhe melt, but never more grow cold;
Pliant and warm may ſtill her heart remain,
Soft for the print, but ne'er turn hard again.
Tough iron will yield, and ſtubborn marble run,
And hardeſt hearts by love are melted down.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
As with impetuous motion whirl'd apace,
This magic wheel ſtill moves, yet keeps its place,
Ever returning: ſo may ſhe come back,
And never more th' appointed round forſake.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Diana, hail! all hail! Moſt welcome thou,
To whom th' infernal king and judges bow:
O thou who canſt the powers of hell perſuade,
Now try thy charms upon a faithleſs maid.
Hark! the dogs bark! She comes, the goddeſs comes:
Sound, ſound aloud, and beat our brazen drums.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
How calm 's the ſky! how undiſturb'd the deep!
Nature is huſh'd, the very tempeſts ſleep,

The drowſy winds breathe gently through the trees,
And ſilent on the beach repoſe the ſeas:
Love only wakes: the ſtorm that tears my breaſt
For ever rages, and diſtracts my reſt:
O Love! reſentleſs Love! tyrant accurſt!
In deſerts bred, by cruel tigers nurſt!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
This riband that once bound her lovely waſte,
O that my arms might gird her there as faſt!
Smiling ſhe gave it, and I priz'd it more,
Than the rich zone th' Idalian goddeſs wore.
This riband, this lov'd relick of the fair,
So kiſs'd, and ſo preſerv'd---Thus, thus I tear.
O Love! why doſt thou thus delight to rend
My ſoul with pain? Ah, why torment thy friend!
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thrice have I ſacrific'd, and proſtrate thrice
Ador'd: aſſiſt, ye powers, the ſacrifice.
Who-e'er he is, whom now the fair beguiles
With guilty glances, and with perjur'd ſmiles,
Malignant vapours blaſt his impious head,
Ye lightning ſcorch him, thunder ſtrike him dead,
Horror of conſcience all his ſlumbers break,
Diſtract his reſt, as love keeps me awake;
If marry'd, may his wife a Helen be,
And curſt and ſcorn'd, like Menelaus he.
Begin, begin, the myſtic ſpells prepare;
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.

Theſe powerful drops thrice on the threſhold pour,
And bathe with this enchanted juice her door,
That door where no admittance now is found,
But where my ſoul is ever hovering round.
Haſte, and obey: and binding be the ſpell.
Here ends my charm: O Love, ſucceed it well:
By force of magick ſtop the flying fair,
Bring Myra back, my perjur'd wanderer.
Thou'rt now alone; and painful is reſtraint:
Eaſe thy preſt heart, and give thy ſorrows vent,
Whence ſprang, and how began theſe griefs, declare,
How much thy love, how cruel thy deſpair.
Ye moon and ſtars, by whoſe auſpicious light
I haunt theſe groves, and waſte the tedious night,
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Too late for hope, for my repoſe too ſoon,
I ſaw, and lov'd: her heart, engag'd, was gone:
A happier man poſſeſs'd whom I adore;
O I ſhould ne'er have ſeen, or ſeen before.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
What ſhall I do? Shall I in ſilence bear,
Deſtroy myſelf, or kill the raviſher?
Die, wretched lover, die: but ah beware,
Hurt not the man who is belov'd by her.
Wait for a better hour, and truſt thy fate:
Thou ſeek'ſt her love, beget not then her hate,
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh and its ſecret ſmart.

My

My life conſuming with eternal grief,
From herbs and ſpells I ſeek a vain relief;
To every wiſe magician I repair,
In vain! for ſtill I love, and I deſpair.
Circe, Medea, and the Sibyl books,
Contain not half th' enchantment of her looks.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
As melted gold preſerves its weight the ſame,
So burnt my love, nor waſted in the flame.
And now, unable to ſupport the ſtrife,
A glimmering hope recals her parting life;
My rival dying, I no longer grieve,
Since I may aſk, and ſhe with honour give.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Witneſs ye hours, with what unweary'd care,
From place to place I ſtill purſued the fair.
Nor was occaſion to reveal my flames
Slow to my ſuccour, for it ſwiftly came:
It came, it came, that moment of delight,
O gods! And how I trembled at her ſight!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Diſmay'd and motionleſs, confus'd, amaz'd,
Trembling I ſtood, and terrify'd I gaz'd;
My faltering tongue in vain for utterance try'd,
Faint was my voice, my thoughts abortive dy'd,
Or in weak ſounds and broken accents came
Imperfect, as diſcourſes in a dream.

Tell,

Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Soon ſhe divin'd what this confuſion meant,
And gueſs'd with eaſe the cauſe of my complaint:
My tongue emboldening as her looks were mild,
At length I told my griefs---And ſtill ſhe ſmil'd.
O Syren, Syren, fair deluder, ſay
Why ſhould you tempt to truſt, and then betray?
So faithleſs now, why gave you hopes before?
Alas! you ſhould have been leſs kind, or more.
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Secure of innocence, I ſeek to know
From whence this change, and my misfortunes grow;
Rumour is loud, and every voice proclaims
Her violated faith, and conſcious flames.
Can this be true? Ah flattering miſchief, ſpeak,
Can you make vows, and in a moment break?
And can the ſpace ſo very narrow be
Betwixt a woman's oath, and perjury?
O Jealouſy! All other ills at firſt
My love eſſay'd, but thou art ſure the worſt!
Tell, for you know the burthen of my heart,
Its killing anguiſh, and its ſecret ſmart.
Ungrtateful Myra! urge me thus no more,
Nor think me tame, that once ſo long I bore:
Though now by philtres I 'd avert thy change,
The philtres failing, poiſon ſhall revenge:
Already ſtands prepar'd the deadly draught,
Of an Aſſyrian was the ſecret bought:

For

For whom that draught? Ah feeble rage and vain!
With how ſecure a brow ſhe mocks my pain?
Thy heart, fond lover, does thy threats belie,
Canſt thou hurt her, for whom thou yet would'ſt die!
Nor durſt ſhe thus thy juſt reſentment brave,
But that ſhe knows how much thy ſoul 's her ſlave.
But ſee! Aurora riſing with the ſun
Diſſolves my charm, and frees th' enchanted moon,
My ſpells no longer bind at ſight of day,
And young Endymion calls his love away.
Love 's the reward of all, on earth, in heaven,
And for a plague, to me alone was given.
Evils we cannot ſhun we muſt endure,
Death and a broken heart 's a ready cure.
Cynthia farewel, go reſt thy weary light,
I muſt for ever wake---We 'll meet again at night.

TO MYRA.

THE VISION.

IN lonely walks, diſtracted by deſpair,
Shunning mankind, and torn with killing care,
My eyes o'erflowing, and my frantic mind
Rack'd with wild thoughts, ſwelling with ſighs the wind;
Through paths untrodden day and night I rove,
Mourning the fate of my ſucceſsleſs love.
Who moſt deſire to live untimely fall,
But when we beg to die Death flies our call.

Adonis

Adonis dies, and torn is the lov'd breaſt
In midſt of joy, where Venus wont to reſt;
The fate that cruel ſeem'd to him, would be
Pity, relief, and happineſs to me.
When will my ſorrows end? In vain, in vain
I call to heaven, and tell the gods my pain;
The gods, averſe, like Myra, to my prayer,
Conſent to doom whom ſhe denies to ſpare.
Why do I ſeek for foreign aids, when I
Bear ready by my ſide the power to die?
Be keen, my ſword, and ſerve thy maſter well,
Heal wounds with wounds, and love with death repel.
Strait up I roſe, and to my aching breaſt,
My boſom bare, the pointed blade I preſt,
When lo! aſtoniſh'd! an unuſual light
Pierc'd the thick ſhade, and all around grew bright;
My dazzled eyes a radiant form behold,
Splendid with light like beams of burning gold;
Eternal rays his ſhining temples grace *,
Eternal youth ſat ſmiling on his face;
Trembling I liſten, proſtrate on the ground,
His breath perfumes the grove, and muſic 's in the ſound.
Ceaſe, lover, ceaſe thy tender heart to vex
In fruitleſs plaints of an ungrateful ſex:
In fate's eternal volumes it is writ
That women ever ſhall be foes to wit:
With proper arts their ſickly minds command,
And pleaſe them with the things they underſtand;

* Apollo.

With

With noiſy fopperies their hearts aſſail,
Renounce all ſenſe; how ſhould thy ſongs prevail,
When I, the god of wit, ſo oft' could fail?
Remember me; and in my ſtory find
How vainly merit pleads to womankind.
I by whom all things ſhine, who tune the ſpheres,
Create the day, and gild the night with ſtars,
Whoſe youth and beauty from all ages paſt
Sprang with the world, and with the world ſhall laſt:
How oft' with fruitleſs tears have I implor'd
Ungrateful nymphs! and, though a god, ador'd!
When could my wit, my beauty, or my youth,
Move one hard heart? or mov'd, ſecure its truth?
Here a proud nymph with painful ſteps I chace,
The winds out-flying in our nimble race;
Stay, Daphne, ſtay---in vain, in vain I try
To ſtop her ſpeed, redoubling at my cry;
O'er craggy rocks and rugged hills ſhe climbs,
And tears on pointed flints her tender limbs;
But caught at length, juſt as my arms I fold,
Turn'd to a tree, ſhe yet eſcapes my hold.
In my next love a different fate I find,
Ah! which is worſe, the falſe or the unkind?
Forgetting Daphne, I Coronis choſe,
A kinder nymph---too kind for my repoſe.
The joys I give but more inflame her breaſt,
She keeps a private drudge to quench the reſt;
How, and with whom, the very birds proclaim *
Her black pollution, and reveal my ſhame.

* Diſcovered by a crow.

Hard lot of beauty! fatally beſtow'd,
Or given to the falſe, or to the proud;
By ſeveral ways they bring us equal pain,
The falſe betray us, and the proud diſdain.
Scorn'd, and abus'd! from mortal loves I fly,
To ſeek more truth in my own native ſky;
Venus, the faireſt of immortal loves,
Bright as my beams, and gentle as her doves,
With glowing eyes, confeſſing hot deſires,
She ſummons heaven and earth to quench her fires;
Me ſhe excludes; and I in vain adore
Who neither god nor man refus'd before:
Vulcan, the very monſter of the ſkies,
Vulcan ſhe takes, the God of Wit denies,
Then ceaſe to murmur at thy Myra's pride,
Whimſy, not reaſon, is the female guide:
The fate, of which their maſter does complain,
Is of bad omen to th' inſpired train.
What vows have fail'd! Hark how Catullus mourns,
How Ovid weeps, and ſlighted Gallus burns.
In melting ſtrains ſee gentle Waller bleed,
Unmov'd ſhe hears what none unmov'd can read.
And thou, who oft' with ſuch ambitious choice
Haſt rais'd to Myra thy aſpiring voice,
What profit thy neglected zeal repays?
Ah, what return? Ungrateful to thy praiſe!
Change, change thy ſtyle, with mortal rage return
Unjuſt diſdain, and pride oppoſe to ſcorn;
Search all the ſecrets of the fair and young,
And then proclaim, ſoon ſhall they bribe thy tongue:

The

The ſharp detractor with ſucceſs aſſails,
Sure to be gentle to the man that rails;
Women, like cowards, tame to the ſevere,
Are only fierce when they diſcover fear.
Thus ſpake the god; and upward mounts in air,
In juſt reſentment of his paſt deſpair.
Provok'd to vengeance, to my aid I call
The furies round, and dip my pens in gall;
Not one ſhall 'ſcape of all the cozening ſex,
Vex'd ſhall they be who ſo delight to vex.
In vain I try, in vain to vengeance move
My gentle Muſe, ſo us'd to tender love;
Such magic rules my heart, whate'er I write
Turns all to ſoft complaint and amorous flight.
Begone, fond thoughts, begone; be bold, ſaid I,
Satire 's thy theme---in vain again I try.
So charming Myra to each ſenſe appears,
My ſoul adores, my rage diſſolves in tears.
So the gall'd lion, ſmarting with his wound,
Threatens his foes, and makes the foreſt ſound;
With his ſtrong teeth he bites the bloody dart,
And tears his ſide with more provoking ſmart,
Till, having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

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Till, having ſpent his voice in fruitleſs cries,
He lays him down, breaks his proud heart, and dies.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

HERE end my chains, and thraldom ceaſe,
If not in joy, I'll live in peace.
Since for the pleaſures of an hour
We muſt endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more;
Love give me back my heart again.

Deſpair tormented firſt my breaſt,
Now Falſehood, a more cruel gueſt.
O, for the peace of human-kind,
Make women longer true, or ſooner kind;
With juſtice or with mercy reign,
O Love! or give me back my heart again.

DEATH.

I.

ENOUGH, enough, my ſoul of worldly noiſe,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What does this buſy world provide at beſt,
But brittle goods that break like glaſs,
But poiſon'd ſweets, a troubled feaſt,
And pleaſures like the winds that in a moment paſs?

Thy

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And ſtudy how to die, not how to live.

II.

How frail is beauty! ah how vain
And how ſhort-liv'd thoſe glories are,
That vex our days and nights with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In duſt we no diſtinction ſee.
Such Helen is; ſuch, Myra, thou muſt be.

III.

How ſhort is life! why will vain courtiers toil
And crowd a vainer monarch for a ſmile?
What is that monarch but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a ſpan?
With all his guards and his dominions, he
Muſt ſicken too, and die as well as we.

IV.

Thoſe boaſted names of conquerors and kings
Are ſwallow'd, and become forgotten things:
One deſtin'd period men in common have,
The great, the vile, the coward, and the brave,
Are food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
The prince and paraſite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

SENT THE AUTHOR INTO THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

WHY, Granville, is thy life confin'd
To ſhades? Thou, whom the gods deſign'd
In public, to do credit to mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble ardour of thy blood,
Which from thy anceſtors ſo many ages paſt,
From Rollo down to Bevil flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious lance *
Bore the diſputed prize from all the youth of France.
In the firſt trials that are made for fame,
Thoſe to whom fate ſucceſs denies,
If taking counſel from their ſhame,
They modeſtly retreat, are wiſe:
But why ſhould you? who ſtill ſucceed
In all you do, whether with graceful art you lead
The fiery barb, or with as graceful motion tread
In ſhining balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt praiſe and the firſt place to thee.
So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from courts and camps retire?

* At a carouſal at Paris, in the year 1689.

If

If Myra is unkind, if it can be
That any nymph can be unkind to thee;
If, penſive made by love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your lyre;
Your tender ſong and your melodious ſtrain
Can never be addreſt in vain,
She needs muſt love, and we ſhall have you back again.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING.

WHOE'ER thou art, who tempt'ſt in ſuch a ſtrain,
Sweet is thy Syren ſong, but ſung in vain;
When the winds rage, and the loud billows roar,
What fool will truſt the ſea, and quit the ſhore?
Early and vain into the world I came,
Big with falſe hopes, and eager after fame,
Till, looking round me ere the race began,
Madmen and giddy fools were all that ran:
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the liſt retire,
And thank the gods who my retreat inſpire.
Survey the world, and with impartial eyes
Conſider, and examine, all who riſe,
Weigh well their actions and their treacherous ends,
How greatneſs grows, and by what ſteps aſcends,
What murders, treaſons, perjuries, deceit,
How many fall, to make one monſter great.
Would you command, have fortune in your power?
Hug whom you ſtab, and ſmile when you devour:

Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lie,
Turn pandar, pathic, paraſite, or ſpy;
Such thriving arts may your wiſh'd purpoſe bring,
At leaſt a general be, perhaps a king.
Fortune we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all,
But on ſuch terms as only ſuit the baſe,
Honour denies, and ſhuns the foul embrace;
The honeſt man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not fortune, but his virtue, keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new ſenates laws;
But, on vile terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his choice, and not his fate:
Honour and life th' uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken men good fortune call;
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his eyes
An honeſt death, which he accepts, and dies.
O glorious reſolution! noble pride!
More honour'd than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More prais'd, more lov'd, more envy'd in his doom
Than Cæſar trampling on the rights of Rome.
The virtuous nothing fear but life with ſhame,
And death 's a pleaſant road that leads to fame.
On bones and ſcraps of dogs let me be fed,
My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head
To bleakeſt colds, a kennel be my bed;
This, and all other martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice-beauteous Honeſty!

Fortune and life depend on fate alone,
My honour and my conſcience are my own.
Ye great diſturbers, who in endleſs noiſe,
In blood and horror, ſeek unnatural joys;
For what is all this buſtle but to ſhun
Thoſe thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As men in miſery, oppreſt with care,
Seek in the rage of wine to drown deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
Regardleſs if the cauſe be bad or good,
Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
Of ſtrutting pigmies, who would paſs for gods:
For me, unpractis'd in the courtier's ſchool,
Who loath a knave, and tremble at a fool,
Who honour generous Wycherley oppreſt,
Poſſeſt of little, worthy of the beſt;
Rich in himſelf, in virtue that outſhines
All but the fame of his immortal lines,
More than the wealthieſt lord, who helps to drain
The famiſh'd land, and rolls in impious gain.
What can I hope in courts, or how ſucceed?
Tigers and wolves ſhall in the ocean breed,
The whale and dolphin fatten on the mead,
And every element exchange its kind,
When thriving honeſty in courts we find.
Happy the man, of mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet mind from vain deſires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace within himſelf, content;

In

In thought or act accountable to none
But to himſelf and to the gods alone.
O ſweetneſs of Content! ſeraphic joy,
That, nothing wanting, nothing can deſtroy!
Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind?
Where, but in ſhades remote from human kind;
In flowery vales, where nymphs and ſhepherds meet,
But never comes within the palace-gate.
Farewel then cities, courts and camps farewel,
Welcome ye groves, here let me ever dwell;
From care, from buſineſs, and mankind remove,
All but the Muſes and inſpiring Love.
How ſweet the morn, how gentle is the night!
How calm the evening, and the noon how bright!
From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, that like ſome wood does ſhow,
Where ſeveral wanderers travel day and night
Through ſeveral paths, and none are in the right.

AN IMITATION OF THE SECOND CHORUS IN THE SECOND ACT OF SENECA'S THYESTES.

WHEN will the gods, propitious to our prayers,
Compoſe our factions, and conclude our wars?
Ye ſons of Inachus, repent the guilt
Of crowns uſurp'd, and blood of parents ſpilt,

For impious greatneſs vengeance is in ſtore,
Short is the date of all ill-gotten power.
Give ear, ambitious princes, and be wiſe;
Liſten, and learn wherein true greatneſs lies;
Place not your pride in roofs that ſhine with gems,
In purple robes nor ſparkling diadems,
Nor in dominion nor extent of land;
He 's only great who can himſelf command:
Whoſe guard is peaceful Innocence, whoſe guide
Is faithful Reaſon; who is void of pride,
Checking ambition, nor is idly vain
Of the falſe incenſe of a popular train:
Who without ſtrife or envy can behold
His neighbour's plenty, and his heaps of gold,
Nor covets other wealth but what we find
In the poſſeſſions of a virtuous mind.
Fearleſs he ſees who is with virtue crown'd,
The tempeſt rage, and hears the thunder ſound:
Ever the ſame, let Fortune ſmile or frown,
Whether upon the ſcaffold or the throne;
Serenely as he liv'd, reſigns his breath,
Meets deſtiny half way, nor ſhrinks at death.
Ye ſovereign lords, who ſit like gods in ſtate,
Awing the world, and buſtling to be great;
Lords but in title, vaſſals in effect,
Whom luſt controls, and wild deſires direct,
The reins of empire but ſuch hands diſgrace,
Where Paſſion, a blind driver, guides the race.
What is this fame, thus crouded round with ſlaves?
The breath of fools, the bait of flattering knaves.

An

An honeſt heart, a conſcience free from blame,
Not of great acts, but good, give me the name;
In vain we plant, we build, our ſtores increaſe,
If conſcience roots up all our inward peace.
What need of arms, of inſtruments of war,
Of battering engines that deſtroy from far?
The greateſt king and conqueror is he
Who lord of his own appetites can be:
Bleſt with a power that nothing can deſtroy,
And all have equal freedom to enjoy.
Whom worldly luxury and pomps allure,
They tread on ice, and find no footing ſure.
Place me, ye powers! in ſome obſcure retreat;
O keep me innocent, make others great;
In quiet ſhades, content with rural ſports,
Give me a life remote from guilty courts,
Where, free from hopes or fears, in humble eaſe
Unheard-of I may live, and die in peace.
Happy the man who thus, retir'd from ſight,
Studies himſelf, and ſeeks no other light;
But moſt unhappy he, who ſits on high,
Expos'd to every tongue and every eye,
Whoſe follies, blaz'd about, to all are known,
And are a ſecret to himſelf alone:
Worſe is an evil fame, much worſe than none.

CHLOE.

CHLOE 's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender!
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciouſly inclin'd,
Nor bent to vex but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs will to eaſe us.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning fair,
Such Chloe is---and common as the---air.

ON THE SAME.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Chloe complains, and wondrouſly 's aggriev'd;
That free, and laviſh of a beauteous face,
The faireſt and the fouleſt of her race;
She 's mine, or thine, and ſtrolling up and down,
Sucks in more filth than any ſink in town,
I not deny, this, I have ſaid 'tis true;
What wrong! to give ſo bright a nymph her due!

CO-

CORINNA.

CORINNA in the bloom of youth
Was coy to every lover;
Regardleſs of the tendereſt truth,
No ſoft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers: all at her feet
Lay proſtrate and adoring;
The witty, handſome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now, grown old, ſhe would repair
Her loſs of time and pleaſure;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But Love 's a ſummer flower, that dies
With the firſt weather changing;
The lover, like the ſwallow, flies
From ſun to ſun, ſtill ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your fooliſh heart to reaſon;
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is Virtue's ſeaſon.

ON THE SAME.

SO well Corinna likes the joy,
She vows she'll never more be coy;
She drinks eternal draughts of pleasure:
Eternal draughts will not suffice,
Ah give me, give me more, she cries,
'Tis all too little measure.
Thus wifely she makes up for time
Mis-spent while youth was in its prime:
So travellers who waste the day
Careful and cautious of their way,
Noting at length the setting sun,
They mend their pace as night comes on,
Double their speed to reach their inn,
And whip and spur through thick and thin.

BELINDA.

BELINDA's pride 's an arrant cheat,
A foolish artifice to blind;
Some honest glance, that scorns deceit,
Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd disdain,
She idly acts the saint;
We see through this disguise, as plain
As we distinguish paint.

The

The pains she takes are vainly meant
To hide her amorous heart,
'Tis like perfuming an ill scent,
The smell 's too strong for art.

So have I seen grave fools design
With formal looks to pass for wise;
But Nature is a light will shine,
And break through all disguise.

CLARINDA.

IN vain a thousand slaves have try'd
To overcome Clarinda's pride:
Pity pleading,
Love persuading,
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and strait she 's aw'd.
Foolish creature,
Follow Nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth 's a treasure,
Love 's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by Time.

THE SAME.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
In ſcornful poſtures ſets her face,
And looks as ſhe were born alone
To give us love, and take from none.

Though I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you 're too proud to eaſe my pain,
I am too proud for your diſdain.

CLEORA.

CLEORA has her wiſh, ſhe weds a peer,
Her weighty train two pages ſcarce can bear,
Perſia and both the Indies muſt provide
To grace her pomp and gratify her pride;
Of rich brocade a ſhining robe ſhe wears,
And gems ſurround her lovely neck like ſtars:
Drawn by ſix greys of the proud Belgian kind,
With a long train of livery beaux behind,
She charms the Park, and ſets all hearts on fire,
The ladies' envy, and the mens' deſire.
Beholding thus, O happy as a queen!
We cry: but ſhift the gaudy flattering ſcene,
View her at home in her domeſtic light,
For thither ſhe muſt come, at leaſt at night.

What has ſhe there? a ſurly, ill-bred lord,
That chides, and ſnaps her up at every word;
A brutal ſot, who, while ſhe holds his head,
With drunken filth bedaubs the nuptial bed:
Sick to the heart, ſhe breathes the nauſeous fume
Of odious ſteams that poiſon all the room:
Weeping all night the trembling creature lies,
And counts the tedious hours when ſhe may riſe:
But moſt ſhe fears, leſt waking ſhe ſhould find,
To make amends, the monſter would be kind:
Thoſe matchleſs beauties, worthy of a god,
Muſt bear, though much averſe, the loathſome load.
What then may be the chance that next enſues?
Some vile diſeaſe freſh reeking from the ſtews:
The ſecret venom, circling in her veins,
Works through her ſkin, and burſts in bloating ſtains;
Her cheeks their freſhneſs loſe, and wonted grace,
And an unuſual paleneſs ſpreads her face;
Her eyes grow dim, and her corrupted breath
Tainting her gums, infects her ivory teeth;
Of ſharp nocturnal anguiſh ſhe complains,
And, guiltleſs of the cauſe, relates her pains.
The conſcious huſband, whom like ſymptoms ſeize,
Charges on her the guilt of their diſeaſe,
Affecting fury, acts a madman's part,
He 'll rip the fatal ſecret from her heart!
Bids her confeſs, calls her ten thouſand names,
In vain ſhe kneels, ſhe weeps, proteſts, exclaims;
Scarce with her life ſhe 'ſcapes, expos'd to ſhame,
In body tortur'd, murder'd in her fame,
Rots with a vile adultereſs's name;

Abandon'd by her friends, without defence,
And happy only in her innocence.
Such is the vengeance the juſt gods provide
For thoſe who barter liberty for pride;
Who impiouſly invoke the powers above
To witneſs to falſe vows of mutual love.
Thouſands of poor Cleora's may be found,
Such huſbands and ſuch wretched wives abound.
Ye guardian powers, the arbiters of bliſs,
Preſerve Clarinda from a fate like this:
You form'd her fair, not any grace deny'd,
But gave, alas! a ſpark too much of pride;
Reform that failing, and protect her ſtill,
O ſave her from the curſe of chuſing ill.
Deem it not envy, or a jealous care,
That moves theſe wiſhes, or provokes this prayer.
Though more than death I dread to ſee thoſe charms
Allotted to ſome happier mortal's arms;
Tormenting thought! yet could I bear that pain,
Or any ill, but hearing her complain;
Intent on her, my love forgets his own,
Nor frames one wiſh but for her ſake alone;
Whome'er the gods have deſtin'd to prefer,
They cannot make me wretched, bleſſing her.

MACRO.

THAT Macro's looks are good, let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and ſervant, thus make out.
On his dark forehead a falſe friend is writ,
Let none condemn the light that ſhews a pit.
Cocles, whoſe face finds credit for his heart,
Who can eſcape ſo ſmooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can perſuade,
Seeing, we truſt; and, truſting, are betray'd!
His looks are ſnares; but Macro's cry beware,
Believe not, though ten thouſand oaths he ſwear.
If thou 'rt deceiv'd, obſerving well this rule,
Not Macro is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point he and his looks agree,
As they betray their maſter, ſo did he.

PHYLLIS DRINKING.

WHILE Phyllis is drinking, Love and Wine in alliance,
With forces united bid reſiſtleſs defiance;
By the touch of her lips the wine ſparkles higher,
And her eyes by her drinking redouble their fire.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh odour;
His dart dipt in wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.

By

By cordials of wine, love is kept from expiring,
And our mirth is enliven'd by love and deſiring;
Relieving each other, the pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting.

Then Phyllis begin, let our raptures abound,
And a kiſs and a glaſs be ſtill going round;
Our joys are immortal while thus we remove
From love to the bottle, from the bottle to love.

C E L I A.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide:
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte;
Celia, ſo gently preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an amorous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, Love, how came your ſlave ſo dull
To read no better there?

Thus, to ourſelves the greateſt foes,
Although the nymph be well inclin'd,
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe 's unkind.

F L A V I A.

OF two reliefs to eaſe a love-ſick mind.
Flavia preſcribes deſpair: I urge, be kind.
Flavia be kind; the remedy 's as ſure,
'Tis the moſt pleaſant, and the quickeſt cure.

L O V E.

LOVE is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed;
Deſtroy'd by Knowledge, and at beſt
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſt.

W O M E N.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd; we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away;
Take a freſh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or ſhuffles with our dirty leaving.

F A N C Y.

LOVE is by Fancy led about,
From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt;
Whom we now a goddeſs call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Strait 's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature:
Love and Hate are fancy all.

'Tis

'Tis but as Fancy ſhall preſent
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover 's bleſt, or dies;
Viſions of mighty pains, or pleaſure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treaſure,
All in powerful Fancy lies.

LIBERALITY.

THOUGH ſafe thou think'ſt thy treaſure lies,
Conceal'd in cheſts from human eyes,
A fire may come, and it may be
Bury'd, my friend, as far from thee.
Thy veſſel that yon ocean ſtems,
Loaded with golden duſt and gems,
Purchas'd with ſo much pains and coſt,
Yet in a tempeſt may be loſt.
Pimps, whores, and bawds, a thankleſs crew,
Prieſts, pick-pockets, and lawyers too,
All help by ſeveral ways to drain,
Thanking themſelves for what they gain.
The liberal are ſecure alone,
For what we frankly give, for ever is our own.

Written in CLARINDA's Prayer-Book.

IN vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the gods you pray:
What arrogance on heaven to call,
For that, which you deny to All!

FULVIA.

WHY pines my dear? to Fulvia, his young bride,
Who penſive ſat, thus aged Cornus cry'd.
Alas! ſaid ſhe, ſuch viſions break my reſt,
The ſtrangeſt thoughts! I think I am poſſeſt:
My ſymptoms I have told a man of ſkill,
And---if I would---he ſays---I might---be well:
Take his advice, ſaid he, my poor dear wife,
I 'll buy at any rate thy precious life.
Bluſhing ſhe would excuſe, but all in vain,
A doctor muſt be fetch'd to eaſe her pain.
Hard preſs'd, ſhe yields: from White's, or Will's, or Tom's,
No matter which, he 's ſummon'd, and he comes.
The careful huſband, with a kind embrace,
Entreats his care; then bows, and quits the place;
For little ailments oft' attend the fair,
Not decent for a huſband's eye or ear.

Something the dame would ſay: the ready knight
Prevents her ſpeech---Here's that ſhall ſet you right;
Madam, ſaid he--with that the door's made cloſe,
He gives deliciouſly the healing doſe.
Alas! ſhe cries; ah me! ah cruel cure!
Did ever woman yet like me endure!
The work perform'd; upriſing gay and light,
Old Cornus is call'd in to ſee the fight.
A ſprightly red vermilion's all her face,
And her eyes languiſh with unuſual grace.
With tears of joy freſh guſhing from his eyes,
O wondrous power of art! old Cornus cries;
Amazing change! aſtoniſhing ſucceſs!
Thrice happy I! what a brave man is this!
Maids, wives, and widows, with like whims poſſeſt,
May thus find certain eaſe---*Probatum eſt.*

TO CELIA.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great
For pay let armies move;
Beauty ſhould have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that 's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

CELIA SINGING.

WHEN we behold her angel-face,
Or when ſhe ſings with heavenly grace,
In what we hear, and what we ſee,
So raviſhing 's the harmony,
The melting ſoul, in rapture loſt,
Knows not which charm enchants it moſt.

Sounds that made hills and rocks rejoice,
Amphion's lute, the Syren's voice,
Wonders with pain receiv'd for true,
At once find credit, and renew;
No charms like Celia's voice ſurprize,
Except the magic of her eyes.

TO

TO MY FRIEND MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS.

AS flowers tranſplanted from a ſouthern ſky
But hardly bear, or in the raiſing die,
Miſſing their native ſun, at beſt retain
But a faint odour, and ſurvive with pain:
Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote,
Is a dead image, and a ſenſeleſs draught:
While we transfuſe, the nimble ſpirit flies,
Eſcapes unſeen, evaporates, and dies.
Who then to copy Roman wit deſire,
Muſt imitate with Roman force and fire;
In elegance of ſtyle and phraſe the ſame,
And in the ſparkling genius and the flame:
Whence we conclude from thy tranſlated ſong,
So juſt, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſoft, and yet ſo ſtrong,
Celeſtial charmer! ſoul of harmony!
That every genius was reviv'd in thee,
Thy trumpet ſounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
Never to die, and take to heaven their flight,
Deckt in thy verſe, as clad with rays they ſhine,
All glorify'd, immortal, and divine.
As Britain in rich ſoil abounding wide,
Furniſh'd for uſe, for luxury, and pride,
Yet ſpreads her wanton ſails on every ſhore
For forcing wealth, impatient ſtill of more;

To her own wool the silk of Asia joins,
And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines:
So Dryden, not contented with the fame
Of his own works, though an immortal name,
To lands remote sends forth his learned Muse,
The noblest seeds of foreign wit to chuse:
Feasting our sense so many various ways,
Say, is 't thy bounty? or thy thirst of praise?
That, by comparing others, all might see
Who most excel, are yet excell'd by thee.

Upon a Hearing, in the House of Lords, of a Cause between her Grace the Dutchess of GRAFTON and the Lord Chief Justice.

THE princes sate. Beauty and Law contend:
The Queen of Love will her own cause defend.
Secure she looks, as certain none can see
Such beauty plead, and not her captive be.
What need of words with such commanding eyes!
Must I then speak? O heavens! the charmer cries;
O barbarous clime, where beauty borrows aid
From eloquence, to charm, or to persuade!
Will Discord never leave with envious Care
To raise debate? But Discord governs here.
To Juno, Pallas, Wisdom, Fame, and Power,
Long since preferr'd, what trial needs there more?
Confest to sight, three goddesses descend
On Ida's Hill, and for a prize contend,

Nobly

Nobly they bid, and laviſhly purſue
A gift, that only could be Beauty's due:
Honours and wealth the generous judge denies,
And gives the triumph to the brighteſt eyes.
Such precedents are numberleſs: we draw
Our right from cuſtom: cuſtom is a law,
As high as heaven, as wide as ſeas and land,
As ancient as the world is our command.
It might ſuffice that I pronounce it mine,
And right or wrong he ſhould his claim reſign,
Mars and Alcides would this plea allow,
Beauty was ever abſolute till now.
Not bears nor tigers ſure ſo ſavage are
As theſe ill-manner'd monſters of the bar.
Loud Rumour has proclaim'd a nymph divine,
Whoſe matchleſs form, to counter balance mine,
By dint of beauty ſhall extort your grace:
Let her appear, this rival, face to face,
Let eyes to eyes oppos'd this ſtrife decide;
Now when I lighten let her beams be try'd.
Was 't a vain promiſe, and a gown-man's lie?
Or ſtands ſhe here, unmark'd, when I am by?
So heaven was mock'd, and once all Elis round
Another Jupiter was ſaid to ſound;
On brazen floors, the royal actor tries
To ape the thunder rattling in the ſkies;
A brandiſh'd torch, with emulating blaze,
Affects the forky lightning's pointed rays?
Thus borne aloft, triumphantly he rode
Through crowds of worſhipers, and acts the god.

The

The Sire Omnipotent prepares the brand
By Vulcan wrought, and arms his potent hand,
Then flaming hurls it hiſſing from above,
And in the vaſt abyſs confounds the mimic Jove.
Preſumptuous wretch! with mortal art to dare
Immortal power, and brave the Thunderer.
Caſſiope, preferring with diſdain
Her daughter to the Nereids, they complain:
The daughter, for the mother's guilty ſcorn,
Is doom'd to be devour'd; the mother's borne
Above the clouds, where by immortal light
Revers'd ſhe ſhines, expos'd to human ſight,
And to a ſhameful poſture is confin'd,
As an eternal terror to mankind.
Did thus the gods ſuch private nymphs protect,
What vengeance might the Queen of Love expect!
But grant ſuch arbitrary pleas are vain,
Wav'd let them be; mere juſtice ſhall obtain:
Who to a huſband better can ſucceed,
Than his lov'd wife, the partner of his bed?
Or to a father's right lay ſtronger claim,
Than the dear youth in whom ſurvives his name?
Behold that youth, conſider whence he ſprings,
And in his royal veins reſpect your kings;
Immortal Jove upon a mortal ſhe
Begat his ſire: ſecond from Jove is he.
Well did the father blindly fight your cauſe,
Following the cry of liberty and laws,
If by thoſe laws, for which he loſt his life,
You ſpoil ungratefully the ſon and wife.

What

What need I more? 'twere treaſon to diſpute?
The grant was royal: that decides the ſuit:
Shall vulgar laws imperial power conſtrain?
Kings and the gods can never act in vain.
She finiſh'd here, the queen of every grace,
Diſdain vermilioning her heavenly face;
Our hearts take fire, and all in tumult riſe,
And one wiſh ſparkles in a thouſand eyes.
O might ſome champion finiſh theſe debates,
My ſword ſhould end what now my Muſe relates.
Up roſe the judge, on each ſide bending low,
A crafty ſmile accompanies his bow;
Ulyſſes-like, a gentle pauſe he makes,
Then, raiſing by degrees his voice, he ſpeaks:
In you, my lords, who judge, and all that hear,
Methinks I read your wiſhes for the fair;
Nor can I wonder; even I contend
With ſecret pain, unwilling to offend;
Unhappy, thus oblig'd to a defence
That may diſpleaſe ſuch heavenly excellence.
Might we the laws on any terms abuſe,
So bright an influence were the beſt excuſe.
Let Niobe's juſt doom, the vile diſgrace
Of the Propetides polluted race,
Let death, or ſhame, or lunacy, ſurprize,
Who dare to match the luſtre of her eyes:
Aloud the faireſt of the ſex complain
Of captives loſt, and loves invok'd in vain:
At her appearance all their brightneſs ends,
Thoſe ſtars of beauty ſet when ſhe aſcends.

Where

Where Love preſides, ſtill may ſhe bear the prize,
But rigid law has neither ears nor eyes;
Charms to which Mars and Hercules would bow,
Minos and Rhadamanthus diſavow:
Juſtice, by nothing biaſs'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to perſuaſion, to temptation blind,
Determines without favour, and the laws
O'erlook the parties, to decide the cauſe.
What then avails it that a beardleſs boy
Took a raſh fancy for a female toy?
Th' inſulted Argives with a numerous hoſt
Purſue revenge, and ſeek the Dardan coaſt:
Though the gods built, and though the gods defend,
Thoſe lofty towers the hoſtile Greeks aſcend,
Nor leave they till the town in aſhes lies,
And all the race of royal Priam dies.
The queen of Paphos mixing in the fray
Rallies the troops, and urges on the day,
In perſon in the foremoſt ranks ſhe ſtands,
Provokes the charge, directs, aſſiſts, commands:
Stern Diomed, advancing high in air
His feather'd javelin, ſtrikes the heavenly fair;
The vaulted ſkies with her loud ſhrieks reſound,
And high Olympus trembles at the wound.
In cauſes juſt ſhould all the gods oppoſe,
'Twere honeſt to diſpute; ſo Cato choſe.
Diſmiſs that plea, and what ſhall blood avail?
If beauty is deny'd, ſhall birth avail?
Blood and high deeds in diſtant ages done,
Are our forefathers merit, not our own.

Might

Might none a juſt poſſeſſion be allow'd,
But thoſe who could bring deſert or boaſt of blood,
What numbers, even here, might be condemn'd,
Strip'd and deſpoil'd of all, revil'd, contemn'd!
Take a juſt view, how many may remark
Who 's now a lord, his grandſire was a clerk:
Then, O beware, nor do thoſe robes deſpiſe,
But honour that, from whence your honours riſe.
How dear to Britain are her darling laws!
What blood has ſhe not laviſh'd in their cauſe?
Kings are the common ſlaves to ſlaughter led,
Or wander through the world to beg their bread.
Such fatal precedents might awe the throne
From lawleſs grants: who gives what 's not their own,
The gift is void: 'twere a cheap way to clear
The crown accounts, by robbing from the bar!
That power which takes from me, may force from you:
To your own intereſts---you were ever true:
Conſider that: I plead but your own cauſe:
Give ſentence then, protect, maintain the laws.
He ſpoke. The princes differ, and divide;
Some follow law, and ſome with beauty ſide.
So once th' apoſtate angels brav'd the power
Whom they were wont to worſhip and implore:
Like impious is their rage, who have in chace
A new omnipotence in Grafton's face.
Bold Rocheſter, undaunted, juſt, and wiſe,
Aſſerts the goddeſs with the charming eyes:
Beauty her orders, like th' Almighty, ſends,
And Rocheſter, like Michael, cleaves the fiends:

And O may Beauty never want reward
For thee, her noble champion, and her guard.
Beauty triumphs, and Law ſubmitting lies,
The tyrant tam'd, aloud for mercy cries:
Conqueſt can never fail in radiant Grafton's eyes.

TO MY LORD LANSDOWNE,

UPON THE

BOMBARDING AND BURNING THE TOWN OF GRANVILLE IN NORMANDY.

THOUGH built by gods, conſum'd by hoſtile flame
Troy bury'd lies, yet lives the Trojan name;
And ſo ſhall ſhine, though with theſe walls were loſt
All the records thy anceſtors could boaſt.
For Latium conquer'd, and for Turnus ſlain,
Æneas lives, though not one ſtone remain
Where he aroſe: nor art thou leſs renown'd
For thy loud triumphs on Hungarian ground.
Thoſe arms which for nine centuries had brav'd *
The wrath of time, on antic ſtone engrav'd,
Now torn by mortars, ſtand yet undefac'd
On nobler trophies by thy valour rais'd:

* The arms of his family, at that time ſtill remaining on one of the gates of the town.

Safe

Safe on thy * eagle's wings they ſoar, above
The rage of war or thunder to remove,
Borne by the bird of Cæſar and of Jove.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,
IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON ſick; in every face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whoſe art protecting, Nature could expire
But by a deluge, or the general fire.
More lives he ſaves than periſh in our wars,
And faſter than a plague deſtroys, repairs:
The bold carouſer, and adventuring dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuſe the flame;
Safe in his ſkill, from all reſtraint ſet free,
But conſcious ſhame, remorſe, and piety.
Sire of all arts, defend thy darling ſon,
O ſave the man. whoſe life's ſo much our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And, by reſtoring Garth, preſerve mankind.

* Created a Count of the Roman empire, with privilege to quarter his arms on the Imperial Spread Eagle, in acknowledgment of his bravery at the relief of Vienna, and ſeveral other occaſions in the war of Hungary, where his lordſhip ſerved a volunteer.

SONG.

TO MYRA.

I.

THE happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.

II.

But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all pains the greateſt pain
Is to love---and love in vain.

TO FLAVIA.

Her Gardens having eſcaped a Flood that had deſtroyed all the Fruits of the Ground in her Neighbourhood.

WHAT hands divine have planted and protect,
The torrent ſpares, and deluges reſpect;
So when the waters o'er the world were ſpread,
Covering each oak, and every mountain's head,

The choſen Noah ſail'd within his ark,
Nor might the waves o'erwhelm the ſacred bark.
The charming Flavia is no leſs, we find,
The favourite of heaven than of mankind;
The gods, like rivals, imitate our care,
And vie with mortals to oblige the fair;
Theſe favours, thus beſtow'd on her alone,
Are but the homage that they ſend her down.
O Flavia, may thy virtue from above
Be crown'd with bleſſings endleſs as thy love!

Written in a Novel, entitled, LES MALHEURS DE L'AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;
When that is done, then tell the fair
That I endure much more for her.
Who'd truly know Love's power or ſmart,
Muſt view her eyes, and read my heart.

PROLOGUE TO THE SHE-GALLANTS.

AS quiet monarchs, that on peaceful thrones
In ſports and revels long had reign'd like drones,
Rouzing at length, reflect with guilt and ſhame
That not one ſtroke had yet been given for fame;

Wars they denounce, and, to redeem the paſt,
To bold attempts and rugged labours haſte.
Our poet ſo with like concern reviews
The youthful follies of his love-ſick Muſe;
To amorous toils, and to the ſilent grove,
To Beauty's ſnares, and to deceitful Love,
He bids farewell: his ſhield and lance prepares,
And mounts the ſtage to bid immortal wars.
Vice, like ſome monſter, ſuffering none t' eſcape,
Has ſeiz'd the town, and varies ſtill her ſhape.
Here, like a general, ſhe ſtruts in ſtate,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait.
There, like ſome penſive ſtateſman, walks demure,
And ſmiles, and hugs, to make deſtruction ſure;
Now under high commodes, with looks erect,
Barefac'd devours, in gaudy colours deck'd;
Then, in a vizard, to avoid grimace,
Allows all freedom, but to ſee the face.
In pulpits and at bar ſhe wears a gown,
In camps a ſword, in palaces a crown.
Reſolv'd to combat with this motley beaſt,
Our poet comes to ſtrike one ſtroke at leaſt.
His glaſs he means not for this jilt or beau,
Some features of you all he hopes to ſhow,
On choſen heads nor lets the thunder fall,
But ſcatters his artillery at all.
Yet to the fair he fain would quarter ſhow,
His tender heart recoils at every blow;
If unawares he give too ſmart a ſtroke,
He means but to correct, and not provoke.

EPI-

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

SPOKEN

By Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE in Mens Cloaths.

I Who have been the poet's ſpark to-day,
Will now become the champion of his play.
Know all, who would pretend to my good grace,
I mortally diſlike a damning face.
Pleas'd or diſpleas'd, no matter now 'tis paſt,
The firſt who dares be angry breathes his laſt:
Who ſhall preſume to doubt my will and pleaſure,
Him I defy to ſend his weapon's meaſure:
If war you chuſe, and blood muſt needs be ſpilt here,
By Jove, let me alone to match your tilter,
I 'll give you ſatisfaction if I can;
'Sdeath, 'tis not the firſt time I've kill'd my man.
On pain of being poſted to your ſorrow,
Fail not, at four, to meet me here to-morrow.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
JEW OF VENICE.

EACH in his turn, the Poet *, and the Prieſt †,
Have view'd the ſtage, but like falſe prophets gueſt:
The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
Would ſilence poets, and reduce the ſtage.
The poet, raſhly to get clear, retorts
On kings the ſcandal, and beſpatters courts.
Both err: for, without mincing, to be plain,
The guile 's your own of every odious ſcene.
The preſent time ſtill gives the ſtage its mode;
The vices that you practiſe we explode:
We hold the glaſs, and but reflect your ſhame,
Like Spartans, by expoſing, to reclaim.
The ſcribler, pinch'd with hunger, writes to dine,
And to your genius muſt conform his line;
Not lewd by choice, but merely to ſubmit;
Would you encourage ſenſe, ſenſe would be writ.
Good plays we try, which after the firſt day
Unſeen we act, and to bare benches play;
Plain ſenſe, which pleas'd your fires an age ago,
Is loſt, without the garniture of ſhow.

* Mr. Dryden, in his prologue to the Pilgrim.
† Mr. Collier, in his View of the Stage.

A vaſt

At vaſt expence we labour to our ruin,
And court your favour with our own undoing;
A war of profit mitigates the evil,
But to be tax'd---and beaten---is the devil.
How was the ſcene forlorn, and how deſpis'd,
When Timon without muſic moraliz'd;
Shakeſpeare's ſublime in vain entic'd the throng
Without the aid of Purcell's Syren ſong!
In the ſame antique loom theſe ſcenes were wrought,
Embelliſh'd with good morals and juſt thought,
True nature in her nobleſt light you ſee,
Ere yet debauch'd by modern gallantry
To trifling jeſts, and fulſome ribaldry:
What ruſt remains upon the ſhining maſs,
Antiquity muſt privilege to paſs.
'Tis Shakeſpeare's play, and if theſe ſcenes miſcarry,
Let Gormon * take the ſtage---or Lady Mary †.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
BRITISH ENCHANTERS.

POETS by obſervation find it true,
'Tis harder much to pleaſe themſelves than you:
To weave a plot, to work and to refine
A labour'd ſcene, to poliſh every line,

* A famous prize-fighter.
† A famous rope-dancer.

Judg-

Judgment muſt ſweat, and feel a mother's pains:
Vain fools! thus to diburb and rack their brains.
When more indulgent to the writer's eaſe,
You are too good to be ſo hard to pleaſe:
No ſuch convulſive pangs it will require
To write---the pretty things which you admire.
Our author then, to pleaſe you in your way,
Preſents you now a bauble of a play;
In gingling rhyme, well fortify'd and ſtrong,
He fights entrench'd o'er head and ears in ſong.
If here and there ſome evil-fated line
Should chance, through inadvertency, to ſhine,
Forgive him, beaux; he means you no offence,
But begs you, for the love of ſong and dance,
To pardon---all the poetry and ſenſe.

EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE SAME.

WIT once, like Beauty, without art or dreſs,
Naked and unadorn'd, could find ſucceſs,
Till by fruition novelty deſtroy'd,
The nymph muſt find new charms to be enjoy'd.
As by his equipage the man you prize,
And ladies muſt have gems beſide their eyes;
So fares it too with plays, in vain we write
Unleſs the muſic or the ſhow invite,
Not Hamlet clears the charges of the night.
Would you but fix ſome ſtandard how to move,
We would transform to any thing you love:

Judge

Judge our deſire by our coſt and pains,
Sure in expence, uncertain in our gains.
But though we fetch from Italy and France
Our fopperies of tune and mode of dance,
Our ſturdy Britons ſcorn to borrow ſenſe.
Howe'er to foreign faſhions we ſubmit,
Still every fop prefers his mother-wit.
In only wit this conſtancy is ſhown,
For never was that arrant changeling known,
Who, for another's ſenſe, would quit his own.
In all things elſe to love of change inclin'd,
Scarce in two following ſeſſions can we find
That politician---but has chang'd his mind:
But ſure ſuch patriots change not, but forget,
'Tis want of memory, the curſe of wit.
Our author would excuſe theſe youthful ſcenes,
Begotten at his entrance in his teens;
Some childiſh fancies may approve the toy,
Some like the Muſe the more---for being a boy;
And ladies ſhould be pleas'd, though not content,
To find ſo young a thing not impotent.
Our ſtage reformers too he would diſarm,
In charity ſo cold, in zeal ſo warm;
And therefore, to atone for paſt abuſes,
And gain the church-indulgence for the Muſes,
He gives his thirds to charitable uſes.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

To Mr. HIGGON's excellent TRAGEDY, called THE GENEROUS CONQUEROR.

YOUR comic writer is a common foe,
None can intrigue in peace, or be a beau;
Nor wanton wife nor widow can be ſped,
Not even Ruſſel can inter the dead,
But ſtrait this cenſor, in his whim of wit,
Strips and preſents you naked to the pit.
Thus critics ſhould, like theſe, be branded foes,
Who for the poiſon only ſuck the roſe;
Rejecting what is ſweet, like vultures they
Feed only on the carrion of a play,
Snarling and carping without wit or ſenſe,
Impeach miſtakes, o'erlooking excellence,
As if to every fop it might belong
Like ſenators to cenſure, right or wrong.
But generous wits have more heroic views,
And love and honour are the themes they chuſe.
From yon bright heaven * our author fetch'd his fire,
And paints the paſſions that your eyes inſpire;
Full of that flame, his tender ſcenes he warms,
And frames his goddeſs by your matchleſs charms.

* To the ladies.

PELEUS

PELEUS AND THETIS.

A MASQUE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peleus, in love with Thetis, by the aſſiſtance of Proteus, obtains her favour; but Jupiter interpoſing, Peleus in deſpair conſults Prometheus, famous for his ſkill in aſtrology; upon whoſe prophecy, that the ſon born of Thetis ſhould prove greater than his father, Jupiter deſiſts. The prophecy was afterwards verified in the birth of Achilles, the ſon of Thetis by Peleus.

PERSONS IN THE MASQUE.

JUPITER.	PROMETHEUS.
PELEUS.	THETIS.

Prometheus appears upon Mount Caucaſus chained to a rock, with the vulture at his breaſt. Peleus enters, addreſſig himſelf to Prometheus.

PELEUS.

COndemn'd on Caucaſus to lie,
Still to be dying, not to die,
With certain pain, uncertain of relief
True emblem of a wretched lover's grief!

To

To whose inspecting eye 'tis given
To view the planetary way,
To penetrate eternal day,
And to revolve the starry heaven;
To thee, Prometheus, I complain,
And bring a heart as full of pain.

PROM. From Jupiter spring all our woes,
Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine;
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppose
Thy torturer---and mine.
Contented with despair,
O wretched man! resign
Whom you adore, or else prepare
For change of torments, great as mine.
'Tis vain, O Peleus, to oppose
Thy torturer and mine.

PEL. In change of torments would be ease;
Could you divine what lovers bear,
Even you, Prometheus, would confess
There is no vulture like Despair.

PROM. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.
PEL. Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.

THETIS ENTERS.

THE. Peleus, unjustly you complain.
PROM. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.
PEL. Cease cruel Thetis, to disdain.
THE. Peleus, unjustly you complain,
The gods, alas! no refuge find
From ills resistless fates ordain:
I still am true---and would be kind.

PEL.

PEL. To love and to languiſh,
To ſigh and complain,
How killing 's the anguiſh,
How tormenting the pain!
Suing,
Purſuing,
Flying,
Denying,
O the curſe of diſdain,
How tormenting 's the pain!
To love, &c.

THE. Accurſed Jealouſy,
Thou jaundice in the lover's eye,
Through which all objects falſe we ſee,
Accurſed Jealouſy!
Thy rival, Peleus, rules the ſky,
Yet I ſo prize thy love,
With Peleus I would chuſe to die,
Rather than live with Jove.

JUPITER APPEARS DESCENDING.

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer 's here;
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments while Jupiter is deſcending.

CHORUS.

But ſee, the mighty Thunderer 's here;
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble, Peleus, tremble, fly.

[JUPITER BEING DESCENDED]

JUP. Preſumptuous ſlave, rival to Jove,
How dar'ſt thou, mortal, thus defy
A goddeſs with audacious love,
And irritate a god with jealouſy?
Preſumptuous mortal, hence---
Tremble at omnipotence.

PEL. Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.
Jove, lay thy thunder down;
Arm'd with love, and Thetis by,
There is more terror in her frown,
And fiercer lightning in her eye:
I fear no odds
Of men or gods,
But Jove himſelf defy.

JUP.

JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder;
Haſte, ye Cyclops, with your forked rods,
This rebel Love braves all the gods,
And every hour by Love is made
Some heaven-defying encelade.
Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
PEL. and THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.
JUP. Bring me lightning, give me thunder.
PEL. and THET. Jove may kill, but ne'er ſhall ſunder.

THET. Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate
Is dreadful as thy hate:
O might it prove to me,
So gentle Peleus were but free,
O might it prove to me
As fatal as to loſt conſuming Semelé!
Thy love ſtill arm'd with fate
Is dreadful as thy hate.

PROM. Son of Saturn, take advice
From one, whom thy ſevere decree
Has furniſh'd leiſure to grow wiſe:
Thou rul'ſt the gods, but Fate rules thee.
Whoe'er th' immortal maid compreſſing
Shall taſte the joy, and reap the bleſſing,
Thus th' unerring ſtars adviſe:
From that auſpicious night an heir ſhall riſe,
Paternal glories to out-ſhine,
And be the greateſt of his line.

JUP. Shall then the ſon of Saturn be undone,
Like Saturn, by an impious ſon!
Juſtly th' impartial fates conſpire,
Dooming that ſon to be the ſire
Of ſuch another ſon.
Conſcious of ills that I have done,
My fears to prudence ſhall adviſe,
And guilt, that made me great, ſhall make me wiſe.
The fatal bleſſing I reſign;

[*Giving her to Peleus.*

Peleus, take the maid divine:
Jove conſenting, ſhe is thine;
The fatal bleſſing I reſign.

PEL. Heaven had been loſt, had I been Jove;
There is no heaven like mutual love.

JUP. to PROM. And thou, the ſtars interpreter,
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty;
Ariſe, and be thyſelf a ſtar.
'Tis juſt I ſet thee free,
Who giv'ſt me liberty.

[*The Vulture drops dead at the feet of Prometheus, his chains fall off, and he is borne up to heaven with Jupiter, to a loud flouriſh of all the muſic.*]

PEL. Fly, fly to my arms, to my arms,
Goddeſs of immortal charms!
To my arms, to my arms, fly, fly,
Goddeſs of tranſporting joy!

But to gaze
On thy face,
Thy gentle hand thus preſſing,
Is heavenly, heavenly bleſſing.
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

THET. You tremble, Peleus---So do I:
Ah ſtay, and we'll together die.
Immortal, and of race divine,
My ſoul ſhall take her flight with thine:
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſts, and ſwimming ſight,
Faultering ſpeech, and gaſping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death,
Life diſſolving in delight,
My ſoul is ready for the flight.
O my ſoul!
Whither, whither art thou flying?
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
O my ſoul!

PEL. and THET. *repeat together.* } O my ſoul, &c.

CHORUS of all the Inſtruments and Voices.
Singing and Dancing.

When the ſtorm is blown over,
How bleſt is the ſwain,
Who begins to diſcover
An end of his pain.
When the ſtorm, &c.

Written under Mrs. HARE's Name upon a Drinking Glaſs.

THE gods of wine, and wit, and love, prepare
With chearful bowls to celebrate the fair;
Love is enjoin'd to name his favourite toaſt,
And Hare's the goddeſs that delights him moſt;
Phœbus approves, and bids the trumpets ſound,
And Bacchus, in a bumper, ſends it round.

Written under the Dutcheſs of BOLTON's Name upon a Drinking-Glaſs.

LOVE's keeneſt darts are charming Bolton's care,
Which the bright goddeſs poiſons with deſpair;
The God of Wine the dire effect foreſees,
And ſends the juice that gives the lover eaſe.

A LATIN

A LATIN INSCRIPTION on a MEDAL for LEWIS XIV.

PRoximus & ſimilis regnas Ludovice tonanti,
Vim ſummam, ſumma cum pietate geris:
Magnus & expanſis alis, ſed maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto Titania fœdera Rheno,
Illa aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.

ENGLISHED, and applied to the QUEEN.

NEXT to the Thunderer let ANNA ſtand,
In piety ſupreme, as in command,
Fam'd for victorious arms and generous aid,
Young Auſtria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread:
Titanian leagues in vain ſhall brave the Rhine,
When to the Eagle YOU the Thunder join.

A MORNING HYMN.

To Her Grace the Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.

AWAKE, bright Hamilton, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the Day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy charming eyes,
And ſhow the ſun a brighter ray:

Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

The lark, that wont with warbling throat
Early to ſalute the ſkies,
Or ſleeps, or elſe ſuſpends his note,
Diſclaiming day till you ariſe.
Goddeſs awake, thy beams diſplay,
Reſtore the univerſe to light;
When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day,
And when ſhe diſappears, begins the night.

Lovers, who watchful vigils keep,
For lovers never, never ſleep!
Wait for the riſing of the fair,
To offer ſongs and hymns of prayer,
Like Perſians to the ſun:
Even life and death and fate are there,
For in the rolls of ancient deſtiny
Long ſince 'twas noted down,
The dying ſhall revive, the living die,
But as you ſmile or frown.

Awake, bright Hamilton, ariſe,
Goddeſs of Love, and of the day,
Awake, diſcloſe thy charming eyes,
And ſhew the ſun a brighter ray:
Phœbus in vain calls forth the bluſhing morn,
He but creates the day, which you adorn.

AN

AN ESSAY
UPON
UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when ſome image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artiſt tries to trace,
He carefully conſults each beauteous line,
Adjuſting to his object his deſign;
We praiſe the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright reſemblance ſpeaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are ſhown,
And Nature is their object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud or blame,
But as the juſt proportions are the ſame.
Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond theſe bounds aſpire,
Gigantic forms and monſtrous births alone
Produce, which Nature ſhock'd diſdains to own.
By true reflection I would ſee my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying-glaſs?
" But poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold figures out of ſight,
" Leaves Truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
" And raſh hyperboles that ſoars ſo high,
" And every ornament of verſe muſt die.

Miſtake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care ſome happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very ſame,
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's ſcorn,
But meant to grace, illuſtrate, and adorn:
Important truths ſtill let your fables hold,
And moral myſteries with art unfold;
Ladies and beaux to pleaſe, is all the taſk,
But the ſharp critic will inſtruction aſk.
As veils tranſparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right apply'd;
When through the phraſe we plainly ſee the ſenſe,
Truth with ſuch obvious meanings will diſpenſe.
The reader what in reaſon 's due believes,
Nor can we call that falſe which not deceives:
Hyperboles ſo daring and ſo bold,
Diſdaining bounds, are yet by rules control'd;
Above the clouds, but yet within our ſight,
They mount with Truth, and make a towering flight,
Preſenting things impoſſible to view,
They wander through incredible to true:
Falſehoods thus mix'd like metals are refin'd,
And truth, like ſilver, leaves the droſs behind.
Thus Poetry has ample ſpace to ſoar,
Nor needs forbidden regions to explore;
Such vaunts as his who can with patience read,
Who thus deſcribes his hero when he 's dead?
"In heat of action ſlain, yet ſcorns to fall,
"But ſtill maintains the war, and fights at---All."

The noiſy culverin, o'er-charg'd, lets fly,
And burſts, unaiming, in the rended ſky;
Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature ſuffers in the wild extreme.
The captive Canibal, oppreſt with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, diſdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping croud,
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
This is the utmoſt ſtretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulſome, falſe, and vain.
The Roman wit, who impiouſly divides
His hero and his gods to different ſides,
I would condemn, but that, in ſpite of ſenſe,
Th' admiring world ſtill ſtands in his defence:
The gods permitting traitors to ſucceed,
Become not parties in an impious deed,
And, by the tyrant's murder, we may find,
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with ſuch prepoſterous praiſe,
Our characters we leſſen, when we'd raiſe;
Like caſtles built by magic art in air,
That vaniſh at approach, ſuch thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth by ſome judicious hand,
As on a rock they ſhall for ages ſtand.
Our king return'd, and baniſh'd peace reſtor'd,
The Muſe ran mad to ſee her exil'd lord;
On the crack'd ſtage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
And ſcarce could ſpeak one reaſonable word:

Dryden

Dryden himſelf, to pleaſe a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment ſtoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to cuſtom, but not err'd through choice.
Deem then the people's, not the writer's ſin,
Almanſor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury ſpent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Roſcommon firſt, then Mulgrave roſe, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight;
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide;
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May from their leſſons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be ſure
That every line the teſt of truth endure;
On this foundation may the fabric riſe
Firm and unſhaken, till it touch the ſkies.
From pulpits baniſh'd, from the court, from love,
Abandon'd Truth ſeeks ſhelter in the grove;
Cheriſh, ye Muſes, the forſaken fair,
And take into your train this beauteous wanderer.

A CHA-

A

CHARACTER OF MR. WYCHERLEY*.

OF all our modern wits, none ſeems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of Nature's force, though none of Art;
But

* This character, however juſt in other particulars, yet is injurious in one; Mr. Wycherley being repreſented as a laborious writer, which every man who has the leaſt perſonal knowledge of him can contradict.

Thoſe indeed who form their judgment only from his writings, may be apt to imagine ſo many admirable reflections, ſuch diverſity of images and characters, ſuch ſtrict enquiries into nature, ſuch cloſe obſervations on the ſeveral humours, manners, and affections of all ranks and degrees of men, and, as it were, ſo true and ſo perfect a diſſection of humankind, delivered with ſo much pointed wit and force of expreſſion, could be no other than the work of extraordinary diligence and application: whereas others, who have the happineſs to be acquainted with the author, as well as his writitings, are able to affirm theſe happy performances were due to his infinite genius and natural penetration. We owe the pleaſure and advantage of having been ſo well entertained and inſtructed by him to his facility of doing it; for, if I miſtake him not extremely, had it been a trouble to him to write, he would have ſpared himſelf that trouble. What he has performed would indeed have been difficult for another; but the club which a man of ordinary ſize could not lift, was but a walking-ſtick for Hercules.

Mr.

But Wycherley earns hard what e'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains, &c.

Lord Rocheſter's Poems.

Mr. Wycherley, in his writings, has been the ſharpeſt ſatyriſt of his time; but, in his nature, he has all the ſoftneſs of the tendereſt diſpoſitions: in his writings he is ſevere, bold, undertaking: in his nature, gentle, modeſt, inoffenſive: he makes uſe of his ſatire as a man truly brave of his courage, only upon public occaſions and for public good. He compaſſionates the wounds he is under a neceſſity to probe, or, like a good-natur'd conqueror, grieves at the occaſions that provoke him to make ſuch havock.

There are who object to his verſification: but a diamond is not leſs a diamond for not being poliſhed. Verſification is in poetry what colouring is in painting, a beautiful ornament: but if the proportions are juſt, the poſture true, the figure bold, and the reſemblance according to nature, though the colours ſhould happen to be rough, or carelesly laid on, yet may the piece be of ineſtimable value: whereas the fineſt and the niceſt colouring art can invent, is but labour in vain, where the reſt is wanting. Our preſent writers indeed, for the moſt part, ſeem to lay the whole ſtreſs of their endeavours upon the harmony of words; but then, like eunuchs, they ſacrifice their manhood for a voice, and reduce our poetry to be like echo, nothing but ſound.

In Mr. Wycherley, every thing is maſculine: his Muſe is not led forth as to a review, but as to a battle; not adorned for parade, but execution: he would be tried by the ſharpneſs of his blade, and not by the finery: like your heroes of antiquity, he charges in iron, and ſeems to deſpiſe all ornament but intrinſic merit; and like thoſe heroes has therefore added another name to his own, and by the unanimous conſent of his cotemporaries, is diſtinguiſhed by the juſt appellation of Manly Wycherley. LANSDOWNE.

VERSES

Written in a Leaf of the AUTHOR's POEMS, preſented to the QUEEN.

THE MUSE'S LAST DYING SONG.

A Muſe expiring, who, with earlieſt voice,
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice;
Now on her death-bed, this laſt homage pays,
O Queen! to thee: accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of Death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more---and ſinging dies.
Hail, mighty Queen! whoſe powerful ſmile alone
Commands ſubjection, and ſecures the throne:
Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age:
Conquering our hearts, you end the long diſpute,
All, who have eyes, confeſs you abſolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs reſign,
And in your perſon own a right divine.
Thus ſang the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With CAROLINA's praiſe---and then expir'd.

Written

Written in a Leaf of the ſame POEMS, preſented to the PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt ſome heavenly fair,
To ſome bright goddeſs we compare:
Minerva, wiſdom; Juno, grace;
And Venus furniſhes the face:
In royal ANNE's bright form is ſeen,
What comprehends them all---The QUEEN.

4 AP 54

THE

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

THE

BRITISH ENCHANTERS:

OR,

NO MAGIC LIKE LOVE.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

UPON the ſeparation of the houſes, when muſical performances were confined to one theatre, and dramatic to the other, it became neceſſary to lengthen the repreſentation of the enſuing Poem with ſeveral alterations and additions, and ſome entire new ſcenes, to fill up the ſpaces occaſioned by the neceſſity of leaving out the mixture of muſical entertainment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CELIUS, King of Britain, Father to Oriana.
CONSTANTIUS, Emperor of Rome, in love with Oriana.
AMADIS, a famous Knight-Adventurer, in love with Oriana, and beloved by her.
FLORESTAN, Companion to Amadis, in love with Coriſanda.
LUCIUS, a Roman.
ARCALAUS, an Enchanter, enemy to Amadis.

WOMEN.

ARCABON, an Enchantreſs, Siſter to Arcalaus.
ORIANA.
CORISANDA.
URGANDA, a good Enchantreſs.
DELIA, her Attendant.

Officers and Guards attending Celius; Romans attending Conſtantius; Ladies attending Oriana; Attendants to the ſeveral Enchanters; Knights and Ladies Captives; Singers and Dancers.

The SCENE in BRITAIN.

THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The curtain riſes to a flouriſh of all ſorts of loud muſic. The ſcene is a grove beautify'd with fountains, ſtatues, &c. Urganda is diſcovered as in the midſt of ſome ceremony of enchantment. Thunder during the muſic.

URGANDA, DELIA, AND ATTENDANTS.

URGANDA.

SOUND, ſound, ye winds, the rended clouds divide,
Fright back the prieſt, and ſave a trembling bride;
Aſſiſt an injur'd lover's faithful love:
An injur'd lover's cauſe is worthy Jove.

DELIA.

Succeſsful is our charm: the temple ſhakes,
The altar nods, th' aſtoniſh'd prieſt forſakes
The hallow'd ſhrine, ſtarts from the bridegroom's ſide,
Breaks off the rites, and leaves the knot unty'd.

[*Thunder again and muſic. Urganda walks down the ſcene, waving her inchanted rod during the following incantation.*

* See the Prologue, p. 217.

Ye ſweet muſicians of the ſky,
Hither, hither, fly, fly,
And with enchanting notes all magic elſe ſupply.
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, and tune the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, found.

A Single Voice.

Jaſon thus to Orpheus ſaid,
Take thy harp, and melt the maid;
Vows are vain, with muſic warm her,
Play, my friend, and charm the charmer.
Hark! hark! 'tis Orpheus plays,
The cedars dance, the grove obeys.
Hark, hark again!
Medea melts like Proſerpine.

Liſtening ſhe turns: how ſoft, ſhe cries!
How ſweet; ah how ſweet each ſtring replies,
Till on the warbling note ſhe dies.
Ah how ſweet, and how divine!
O! 'tis a pleaſure
Beyond meaſure,
Take the treaſure,
Greek, 'tis thine.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sound the trumpet, touch the lute,
Strike the lyre, and tune the flute;
In harmony,
Celeſtial harmony,
All magic charms are found;
Sound the trumpet, ſound.

First Dance of Statues.

A Single Voice.

When with adoring looks we gaze
On bright Oriana's heavenly face,
In every glance, and every grace,
What is that we ſee
But harmony;
Celeſtial harmony!
Our raviſh'd hearts leap up to meet
The muſic of her eyes, and dance around her feet.

URGANDA.

This care for Amadis, ye gods, approve,
For what's a ſoldier's recompence but love?
When forc'd from Britain, call'd to diſtant war,
His vanquiſh'd heart remain'd a captive here;
Oriana's eyes that glorious conqueſt made,
Nor was his love ungratefully repaid.

DELIA.

By Arcabon, like hoſtile Juno, croſt,
And like Æneas driven from coaſt to coaſt,

The wandering hero would return too late,
Charg'd by Oriana with the crimes of fate;
Who, anxious of neglect, suspecting change,
Consults her pride, and meditates revenge.

URGANDA.

Just in the moment when resentment fires,
A charming rival tempts, a rugged king requires;
Love yields at last, thus combated by pride,
And she submits to be the Roman's bride.

DELIA.

Did not your art, with timely aids, provide,
Oriana were his wife, and not his bride.

URGANDA.

In ancient times, ere chivalry was known,
The infant world with monsters overgrown,
Centaurs and giants, nurst with human blood,
And dire magicians, an infernal brood,
Vex'd men and gods; but most the fair complain
Of violated loves, and lovers slain.
To shelter innocence, and injur'd right,
The nations all elect some patron-knight,
Sworn to be true to Love, and slaves to Fame,
And make a valiant chief enrol his name;
By shining marks distinguish'd they appear,
And various orders to various ensigns bear.
Bound by strict oaths, to serve the brightest eyes,
Not more they strive for glory than the prize;
While, to invite the toil, the fairest dame
Of Britain, is the boldest champion's claim.

DELIA.

Of all who in this race of fame delight,
Brave Amadis is own'd the hardieſt knight.
Nor Theſeus, nor Alcides, ventur'd more,
Nor he ſo fam'd, who, bath'd in monſter's gore.
Upon his creſted helm the trampled dragon bore.

URGANDA.

O mighty Amadis! what thanks are due
To thy victorious ſword, that Ardan ſlew!
Ardan, that black enchanter, whoſe dire arts
Enſlav'd our knights, and broke our virgins hearts,
Met ſpear to ſpear, thy great delivering hand
Slew the deſtroyer, and redeem'd the land;
Far from thy breaſt all care and grief remove,
Oriana 's thine, by conqueſt as by love.

DELIA.

The haughty Arcabon, of Ardan's blood,
And Arcalaus, foes alike to good,
Gluttons in murder, wanton to deſtroy,
Their fatal arts as impiouſly employ:
Heirs to their brother's hatred, and ſworn foes
To Amadis, their magic they oppoſe
Againſt his love and life.

URGANDA.

With equal care,
Their vengeance to prevent, we now prepare.
Behold the time, when tender Love ſhall be
Nor vext with doubt, nor preſt with tyranny,
The love-ſick hero ſhall from camps remove,
To reap reward: the hero 's pay is love.

The taſks of glory painful are and hard,
But oh! how bleſt, how ſweet is the reward!

[*Urganda retires down the ſcene as continuing the ceremony of enchantment; muſick playing, and her attendants repeating the Chorus of the foregoing incantation till out of ſight. The ſcene changes to an apartment in king Celius's palace. Enter a numerous train of Britons and Romans preceding Conſtantius and Coriſanda, followed by other attendants, men and women; the Britons in a painted dreſs, after the ancient manner.*]

CONSTANTIUS, ORIANA, CORISANDA.

CONSTANTIUS.

Lovers conſult not ſtars, nor watch the ſkies,
But ſeek their ſentence in their charmer's eyes.
Careleſs of thunder, from the clouds that break,
My only omens from your looks I take;
When my Oriana ſmiles, from thence I date
My future hope, and when ſhe frowns, my fate.

ORIANA.

If from my looks your ſentence you would hear,
Behold and be inſtructed to deſpair.

CONSTANTIUS.

Loſt in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her ſmiles reviv'd, her ſcorn deſtroys;
She will, and ſhe will not, ſhe grants, denies,
Conſents, retracts, advances, and then flies,
Approving and rejecting in a breath,
Now proffering mercy, now preſenting death:
Thus hoping, thus deſpairing, never ſure,
How various are the torments I endure!

Cruel

Cruel eſtate of doubt! ah! Princeſs, try
Once to reſolve, or let me live, or die.

ORIANA.

Ceaſe, prince, the anger of the gods to move,
'Tis now become a crime to mention love;
Our holy men, interpreting the voice
Of heaven in wrath, forewarn th' ill-omen'd choice,

CONSTANTIUS.

Strange rules for conſtancy your prieſts deviſe,
If love and hate muſt vary with your ſkies.
From ſuch vile ſervitude ſet Reaſon free;
The gods in every circumſtance agree;
To ſuit our union, pointing out to me,
In this right hand, the ſceptre that they place
For me to hold, was meant for you to grace.
Thou beſt and faireſt of the beauteous kind,
Accept that empire which the gods deſign'd,
And be the charming miſtreſs of mankind.
Ambition, Love, whatever can inſpire
A mutual flame, glory, and young deſire.
To guide and to adorn the deſtin'd choice conſpire.
If greatneſs then with beauty may compare,
(And ſure the great are form'd but for the fair)
Then 'tis moſt plain, that all the gods decree
That I was born for you, and you for me.

CORISANDA.

Nuptials of form, of intereſt, or of ſtate,
Thoſe ſeeds of pride, are fruitful in debate;
Let happy men for generous Love declare,
And chuſe the needy virgin, chaſte and fair:

Let

Let women to ſuperior fortune born,
For naked virtue all temptations ſcorn,
The charm 's immortal to a gallant mind,
If gratitude cement whom Love has join'd,
And Providence, not niggardly, but wiſe,
Here laviſhly beſtows, and there denies,
That by each other's virtue we may riſe:
Weak the bare tie of man and wife we find;
But friend and benefactor always bind.

Enter King CELIUS with a Guard of Britons.

CELIUS.

Our prieſts recover, 'twas a holy cheat,
Lead back the bride, the ceremonies wait.

ORIANA.

What heaven forbids---

CELIUS.

'Twas ignorance of my will,
Our prieſts have better learnt: what now is ill,
Can, when I pleaſe, be good; and none ſhall dare
Preach or expound, but what their king would hear.
Ere they interpret let them mark my nod,
My voice their thunder, this right arm their god.
Prince, take your bride.

ORIANA.

'Twere impious now to ſuffer him my hand.

[*Refuſing to Conſtantius, who offers to take her hand.*

CELIUS.

CELIUS.

How dar'ſt thou diſobey, when I command?
Mind, mind her not, nor be diſturb'd at tears,
[*To Conſtantius.*
A counterfeited qualm of bridal fears;
All feign'd and falſe; while her deſires are more
A real fire, but a diſſembled ſhower:
You'd ſee, could you her inward motions watch,
Feigning delay, ſhe wiſhes for diſpatch;
Into a woman's meaning would you look,
Then read her backward, like a wizard's book.
On to the temple lead---

ORIANA.

Obedience is your due, which I muſt pay;
But as a lover I command you---Stay.
[*Again rejecting his hand.*
Obeying him, I 'll be obey'd by you.

CONSTANTIUS.

Nor ſaints to heaven with more ſubmiſſion bow:
I have no will but what your eyes ordain:
Deſtin'd to love, as they are doom'd to reign.

CELIUS. [*Aſide.*]

Into what hands, ye gods! have you reſign'd
Your world? Are theſe the maſters of mankind?
Theſe ſupple Romans teach our women ſcorn,
I thank you, gods, that I 'm a Briton born.
Agree theſe trifles in a ſhort debate?
Woman [*To her.*] no more of this, but follow ſtrait:
And you [*To him.*] be quick, I am not us'd to wait.
[*Exit Celius.*

[*Oriana*

[*Oriana ſtands ſilent and weeping a-while. Conſtantius looking concerned. After a ſhort pauſe Oriana ſpeaks.*

ORIANA.

Your ſtars and mine have choſen you, to prove
The nobleſt way how generous men ſhould love;
All boaſt their flames, but yet no woman found
A paſſion, where ſelf-love was not the ground.
Now we're ador'd, and the next hour diſpleaſe,
At firſt your cure, and after, your diſeaſe:
Slaves we are made, by falſe pretences caught;
The Briton in my ſoul diſdains the thought.

CONSTANTIUS.

So much, ſo tenderly, your ſlave adores,
He has no thought of happineſs but yours.

ORIANA.

Vows may be feign'd, nor ſhall mere words prevail,
I muſt have proofs; but proofs that cannot fail.
By arms, by honour, and by all that 's dear
To heroes, or expecting lovers, ſwear.

CONSTANTIUS.

Needs there an oath? and can Oriana ſay,
Thus I command, and doubt if I 'll obey?

ORIANA.

Then to be ſhort, and put you out of pain,
Leave me, and never ſee my face again.
Start not, nor look ſurpriz'd, nor pauſing ſtand,
Be your obedience brief, as my command.

CONSTANTIUS.

Your ſtrange command you give with ſuch an air,
Well may I pauſe, who tremble but to hear.

Love

Love is a plant of the moſt tender kind,
That ſhrinks and ſhakes with every ruffling wind;
Such words in jeſt, ſcarce can my heart ſupport,
In pity, ah! forbear ſuch cruel ſport.

ORIANA.

Our ſerious fates no hours for mirth allow,
And one ſhort truth is all my refuge now.
Prepare then, prince, to hear a ſecret told,
That ſhame would ſhun, and bluſhing I unfold,
But dangers preſſing, cowards will grow bold;
Know then, I love---

CONSTANTIUS.

Can you command deſpair, yet love confeſs;
And curſe with the ſame breath with which you bleſs?

ORIANA.

Miſtake me not---That I do love, is true;
But flatter not yourſelf, it is not you.

CONSTANTIUS.

Forbid it, gods! Strike any where but there:
Let but thoſe frowns, and that diſdainful air,
Be the accuſtom'd niceneſs of the fair;
Then I might hope, that time, aſſiduous love,
Vows, tears, and prayers, ſuch coyneſs might remove:
But if engag'd---Recal the fatal breath
That ſpoke the word--the ſound is inſtant death.

ORIANA.

Too late to be recall'd, or to deny,
I own the fatal truth; if one muſt die,
You are the judge; ſay, is it you, or I?

Enter haſtily a BRITON.

BRITON.

The king is much diſpleas'd at this delay.

CONSTANTIUS.

And let him wait, while 'tis my will to ſtay.

ORIANA.

Bear back a gentler anſwer---We'll obey.

CONSTANTIUS.

Hence every ſound that 's either ſoft or kind;
O for a war like that within my mind:
Yes, by the gods! I could to atoms tear,
Confound mankind, and all the world--but her.
Say, flatterer, ſay, ah! fair deluder, ſpeak,
Anſwer me this, ere yet my heart does break;
Since thus engag'd, you never could intend
Your love, why was I flatter'd with your hand?

ORIANA.

To what a father and a king thinks fit,
A daughter and a ſubject muſt ſubmit.
Think not from tyranny that love can grow;
I am a ſlave, and you have made me ſo.
Thoſe chains that duty have put on, remove;
Slaves may obey, but they can never love.

CONSTANTIUS.

Cruel Oriana, much you wrong'd my flame,
To think that I could lay ſo harſh a claim.
Love is a ſubject ſo himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire than his own;

No

No ties can bind, that from conſtraint ariſe,
Where either 's forc'd, all obligation dies:
Curſt be the man, who uſes other art
But only love, to captivate a heart.
O fatal law! requiring to reſign
The object lov'd; or hated, keep her mine.

ORIANA.

Accuſe me not of hate; with equal eyes
I judge your merit, and your virtue prize;
Friendſhip, eſteem be yours: Bereft before
Of all my love, what can I offer more!
Your rival's image in your worth I view,
And what I lov'd in him, eſteem in you;
Had your complaint been firſt, it might have mov'd;
He then had been eſteem'd, and you belov'd:
Then blame not me, ſince nothing bars your fate,
But that you pleaded laſt, and came too late.

[*Conſtantius ſtands in a thoughtful poſture.*

CORISANDA.

Thus merit 's uſeleſs; fortune holds the ſcale,
And ſtill throws in the weight that muſt prevail;
Your rival is not of more charms poſſeſt,
A grain of better luck has made him bleſt.

CONSTANTIUS.

To love, and have the power to poſſeſs,
And yet reſign, can fleſh and blood do this?
Shall nature, erring from her firſt command,
Self-preſervation, fall by her own hand?
By her own act, the ſprings of life deſtroy,
The principles, and being of her joy?

Senſual and baſe---Can Nature then approve
Bleſſings obtain'd, by curſing whom we love?
Poſſeſſing, ſhe is loſt; renouncing I;
Where then's the doubt? Die, die, Conſtantius, die.
Honour, and Love, ye tyrants, I obey,
Where-e'er your cruel call directs my way,
To ſhame, to chains, or to a certain grave,
Lead on, unpitying guides, behold your ſlave.

ORIANA.

Love 's an ignoble joy, below your care,
Glory ſhall make amends with Fame in war;
Honour 's the nobleſt chace, purſue that game,
And recompence the loſs of love with fame:
If ſtill again ſuch aids your love prevails,
Yet abſence is a cure that ſeldom fails.

CONSTANTIUS.

Tyrannic Honour! what amends canſt thou
E'er make my heart, by flattering my brow?
Vain race of fame! unleſs the conqueſt prove
In ſearch of beauty, to conclude in love.
Frail hope of aids! for time or chance to give
That love, which ſpite of cruelty can live!
From your diſdain, ſince no relief I find,
I muſt love abſent, whom I love unkind;
Though ſeas divide us, and though mountains part,
That fatal form will ever haunt my heart.
O! dire reverſe of hope, that I endure,
From ſure poſſeſſion, to deſpair as ſure!
Farewel, Oriana; yet, ere I remove,
Can you refuſe one tear to bleeding love?

Ah

Ah no, take heed, turn, turn thoſe eyes away,
The charm 's ſo ſtrong, I ſhall for ever ſtay.
Princeſs rejoice, for your next news ſhall be,
Conſtantius dies to ſet Oriana free.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE. A thick-wooded Foreſt.

Enter ARCABON ſeeming penſive, and ARCALAUS.

ARCABON.

NO warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly like ſudden death it came;
Like travellers by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment I beheld.

In whom ſo many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
The caſe, ſo ſhining to behold,
Is till'd with richeſt gems and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thouſand graces more,
And Fancy blows into a flame
The ſpark that from his beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught.
Pygmalion ſo, with fatal art,
Poliſh'd the form that ſtung his heart.

ARCALAUS.

Enchantreſs ſay, whence ſuch replies as theſe?
Thou anſwer'ſt Love, I ſpeak of Amadis.

ARCABON.

Swiftly he paſt, and as in ſport purſued
The ſavage herd, and hunted round the wood;
[*Seeming not to mind him.*
Tigers and wolves in vain his ſtroke withſtand,
Cut down, like poppies, by the reaper's hand;
Like Mars he look'd, as terrible and ſtrong,
Like Jove majeſtic, like Apollo young;
With all their attributes divinely grac'd,
And ſure their thunder in his arm was plac'd.

ARCALAUS.

Who paſs'd? who look'd?

ARCABON.

Ah! there 's the fatal wound,
That tears my heart-ſtrings---But he ſhall be found:
Yes, ye Infernals, if there 's power in art,
My arms ſhall hold him, as he graſps my heart.
Shall I, who can draw down the moon, and keep
The ſtars confin'd, enchant the boiſterous deep,
Bid Boreas halt, make hills and foreſts move,
Shall I be baffled by this trifler, Love?

ARCALAUS.

Suſpend thoſe follies, and let rage ſurmount,
A brother's death requires a ſtrict account;
To-day, to-day, perhaps this very hour,
This moment, now, the murderer 's in our power.

Leave

Leave Love in cottages and cells to reign,
With nymphs obſcure, and with the lowly ſwain.
Who waſte their days and ſtrength in ſuch ſhort joys,
Are fools, that barter precious life for toys.

ARCABON.

They 're fools who preach we waſte our days and ſtrength;
What is a life whoſe only charm is length?
Give me a life that 's ſhort and wing'd with joy,
A life of love, whoſe minutes never cloy;
What is an age in dull renown drudg'd o'er?
One little ſingle hour of love is more.

An Attendant enters haſtily, and whiſpers ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

See it perform'd---and thou ſhalt be,
Dire inſtrument of hell, a god to me.
[*Exit Attendant.*
He comes, he comes, juſt ready to be caught.
Here Ardan fell, here on this fatal ſpot
Our brother dy'd; here flow'd that precious gore,
The purple blood, that cries ſo loud for more:
Think on that image, ſee him on the ground,
His life and fame both bury'd in one wound.
Think on the murderer, with inſulting pride
Tearing the weapon from his bleeding ſide,
Oh think——

ARCABON.

What need theſe bloody images to move?
Revenge I will---and would ſecure my love.

Why ſhould I of a frailty ſhameful be,
From which no mortal yet was ever free?
Not fierce Medea, miſtreſs of our art,
Nor Circe nor Calypſo 'ſcap'd the ſmart.
If hell has power, both paſſions I will pleaſe,
My anger and my love ſhall both have eaſe.
Lead on, magician, make revenge ſecure,
My hand 's as ready, and ſhall ſtrike as ſure.

[*They go off.*

ORIANA and CORISANDA appear entering from the lower part of the Scene.

ORIANA.

Thrice happy they, who thus in woods and groves,
From courts retir'd, poſſeſs their peaceful loves.
Of royal maids how wretched is the fate,
Born only to be victims of the ſtate;
Our hopes, our wiſhes, all our paſſions, ty'd
For public uſe, the ſlaves of others' pride.
Here let us wait th' event, on which alone
Depends my peace, I tremble till 'tis known.

CORISANDA.

So generous this emperor's love does ſeem,
'Twould juſtify a change, to change for him.

[*Flouriſh of muſic, as in the Foreſt.*

ORIANA.

Oft' we have heard ſuch airy ſounds as theſe,
Which, in ſoft muſic murmuring through the trees,
Salute us as we paſs.---

CORI-

CORISANDA.

The air we breathe ſure is inchanted air.

[*They liſten, looking about as ſurprized.*

Enter ſeveral of ARCALAUS's Magicians, repreſenting Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, ſinging and dancing.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Follow, ye nymphs and ſhepherds all,
Come celebrate this feſtival,
And merrily ſing, and ſport, and play,
For 'tis Oriana's nuptial day.

To Oriana.] Queen of Britain, and of Love,
Be happy as the bleſt above;
A joyful day is in thy power,
Seize, O ſeize the ſmiling hour.
Graces numberleſs attend thee,
The gods as many bleſſings ſend thee:
Be happy as the bleſt above,
Queen of Britain, and of Love.

[*Exeunt, ſinging in*

CHORUS.

Follow, ye nymphs, &c.

ORIANA.

Prepoſterous nuptials, that fill every breaſt
With joy, but only her's who ſhould be bleſt.

CORISANDA.

Sure ſome magician keeps his revels here;
Princeſs retire, there may be danger near,

ORIANA.

What danger in ſuch gentle notes can be?
Thou friend to Love, thrice-powerful Harmony,
I'll follow thee---Play on---
Muſic 's the balm of love, it charms deſpair,
Suſpends the ſmart, and ſoftens every care,

[*Exeunt, following the muſic.*

ARCALAUS enters, with an Attendant, obſerving them.

ARCALAUS.

Finiſh the reſt, and then be free as air:
My eyes ne'er yet beheld a form ſo fair.
Happy beyond my wiſh, I go to prove
At once the joys of ſweet revenge and love.

[*Exeunt, following.*

Enter AMADIS and FLORESTAN.

AMADIS.

Miſtake me not---No, Amadis ſhall die
If ſhe is pleas'd, but not diſturb her joy.
Nice honour ſtill engages to requite
Falſe miſtreſſes, and proud, with ſlight for ſlight.
But if, like mine, the ſtubborn heart retain
A wilful tenderneſs, the brave muſt feign,
In private grieve, but with a careleſs ſcorn
In public ſeem to triumph, not to mourn.

FLORESTAN.

Hard is the taſk in love or grief to feign;
When paſſion is ſincere, it will complain:

Doubts

Doubts that from rumour roſe you ſhould ſuſpend,
From evil tongues what virtue can defend?
In love, who injures by a raſh diſtruſt,
Is the aggreſſor, and the firſt unjuſt.

AMADIS.

If ſhe is true, why all this nuptial noiſe
Still echoing as we paſs her guilty joys?
Who to a woman truſts his peace of mind,
Truſts a frail bark, with a tempeſtuous wind.
Thus to Ulyſſes, on the Stygian coaſt
His fate enquiring, ſpake Atrides' ghoſt:
Of all the plagues with which the world is curſt,
Of every ill, a woman is the worſt:
Truſt not a woman.---Well might he adviſe,
Who periſh'd by his wife's adulteries.

FLORESTAN.

Thus in deſpair, what moſt we love we wrong,
Not heaven eſcapes the impious atheiſt's tongue.

AMADIS.

Enticing crocodiles, whoſe tears are death;
Syrens, that murder with enchanting breath:
Like Egypt's temples, dazzling to the ſight,
Pompouſly deck'd, all gaudy, gay, and bright;
With glittering gold and ſparkling gems they ſhine,
But apes and monkeys are the gods within.

FLORESTAN.

My love attends with pain, while you purſue
This angry theme: I have a miſtreſs too:
The faultleſs form no ſecret ſtains diſgrace,
A beauteous mind unblemiſh'd as her face,

Not painted and adorn'd to varnish sin,
Without all goddess, all divine within,
By Truth maintaining what by Love she got,
A heaven without a cloud, a sun without a spot.

AMADIS.

Forgive the visions of my frantic brain;
Far from the man I love be all such pain:
By the immortal gods I swear, my friend,
The fates to me no greater joy could send,
Than that your labours meet a prosperous end;
After so many glorious toils, that you
Have found a mistress beautiful and true.

ORIANA and CORISANDA without.

ORIANA and CORISANDA.

Help, help, oh! heavens, help---

AMADIS.

What cries are these?

FLORESTAN.

It seem'd the call of women in distress.
Of savage beasts and men a monstrous brood
Possess this land---

ORIANA and CORISANDA.

Help, help----

AMADIS.

Again the cry 's renew'd.
Draw both our swords, and fly with speed to save;
Th' oppress have a sure refuge in the brave.

[*Exeunt drawing their swords.*

[*Oriana and Corisanda cross the stage, pursued by a Party belonging to Arcalaus.*

ORIANA,

ORIANA and CORISANDA.

Help, help.

PARTY.

Purſue, purſue.

[*Floreſtan croſſes the ſtage, following the purſuit.*

ARCALAUS enters fighting, and retreating before AMADIS.

ARCALAUS.

Forbear, raſh mortal, give thy phrenſy o'er,
For know thou tempt'ſt a more than mortal power.

AMADIS.

Think not my ſword ſhall give the leaſt reprieve,
'Twere cruelty to let ſuch monſters live.

[*Floreſtan re-enters retreating before another party, is ſeized, diſarmed, and carried off.*

ARCALAUS.

Yet pauſe, and be adviſ'd; avoid thy fate;
Without thy life my vengeance is compleat;
Behold thy friend borne to eternal chains,
Remember Ardan now, and count thy gains.

AMADIS.

Like Ardan's be thy fate, unpity'd fall,
Thus I 'll at once revenge, and free them all.

[*Fight again; Arcalaus ſtill retreating till off the ſtage. Inſtruments of horror are heard under ground, and in the air. Monſters and Dæmons riſe from under the ſtage, whilſt others fly down from above, croſſing to and fro in confuſion: claſhing of ſwords behind the ſcenes: thunder and lightning, during which time the ſtage is darkened. On the ſudden a flouriſh of all the muſic ſucceeds, the ſky clears, and the*

Scene changes to a pleasant prospect; Amadis appears leaning on his sword, surrounded by Shepherds and Shepherdesses, who with songs, music, and dances, perform the following enchantment.

A SHEPHERD.

Love, creator Love, appear,
Attend, and hear;
Appear.

A SHEPHERDESS.

Love, creator Love,
Parent of heaven and earth,
Delight of gods above,
To thee all Nature owes her birth,
Love, creator Love.

CHORUS.

Appear, appear,
Attend and hear,
Appear.

SHEPHERD.

All that in ambient air does move,
Or teems on fertile fields below,
Or sparkles in the skies above,
Or does in rolling waters flow,
Spring from the seeds that thou dost sow,
Love, creator Love,

CHO.

CHORUS.

Appear, appear,
Attend and hear,
Appear.

SHEPHERDESS.

When Love is away,
Or is not ours,
How dull is the day,
How slow the hours!
When Love is away, there's no delight;
How dull is the day,
When Love is away;
How dull is the day,
How slow the hours,
But wing'd with Love, how swift is the flight!

CHORUS.

Better in love a slave to be,
Than with the wideſt empires free.

Symphony for Diſcord.

ODE FOR DISCORD.

When Love's away, then Diſcord reigns:
The Furies he unchains,
Bids Æolus unbind
The Northern Wind,
That fetter'd lay in caves,
And root up trees, and plough the plains.

And

Old Ocean frets and raves,
From their deep roots the rocks he tears,
Whole deluges lets fly,
That dash againſt the ſky,
And ſeem to drown the ſtars.
Th' aſſaulted clouds return the ſhock,
Blue lightnings ſinge the waves,
And thunder rends the rock.
Then Jove uſurps his father's crown,
Inſtructing mortals to aſpire:
The father would deſtroy the ſon,
The ſon dethrones the ſire.
The Titans, to regain their right,
Prepare to try a ſecond fight,
Briareus' arms his hundred hands,
And marches forth the bold gigantic bands.
Pelion upon Oſſa thrown,
Steep Olympus they invade,
Gods and giants tumble down,
And Mars is foil'd by Encelade.
Horror, confuſion, vengeful ire,
Daggers, poiſon, ſword, and fire,
To execute the deſtin'd wrath conſpire:
The Furies loſe their ſnaky rods,
And laſh both men and gods.

Chorus of Inſtrumental Muſic for Diſcord.

SYMPHONY FOR LOVE.

SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERDESS.

But when Love bids Diſcord ceaſe,
The jarring ſeeds unite in peace;
O the pleaſure paſt expreſſing!
All is joy, and all is bleſſing.
Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious boy!
In Cyprus firſt the god was known;
Then coaſting to the main,
In Britany he fix'd his reign,
And in Oriana's eyes his throne.

CHORUS.

Hail to Love, and welcome Joy,
Hail to the delicious boy!
See the Sun from Love returning,
Love 's the flame in which he 's burning.
See the Zephyrs kiſſing cloſe,
On Flora's breaſt their wings repoſe,
Hail to Love! the ſofteſt pleaſure;
Love and Beauty reign for ever.

DANCE.

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

SHEPHERDESS TO AMADIS.

Now, mortal, prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now, mortal, prepare
And ſurrender.

For

For Love ſhall ariſe,
Whom no power can withſtand,
Who rules from the ſkies
To the center.
Now, mortal, prepare,
For thy fate is at hand;
Now, mortal, prepare
And ſurrender.

[*Oriana riſes enchanted, repoſing on a bed of flowers. Amadis ſeeing her, throws away his ſword, and offers to run to her, but is ſeized in the ſame inſtant.*

AMADIS.

I 'll break through all enchantment to thoſe arms,
I am all love, and thou all over charms.

[*Here he is ſeized: Oriana wakes and riſes.*

ORIANA.

In what enchanted regions am I loſt?
Am I alive? or wander here a ghoſt?
Art thou too dead?

AMADIS.

Where-e'er you are, the realms of bliſs muſt be;
I ſee my goddeſs, and 'tis heaven to ſee!
Stand off---and give me way---

ORIANA.

No---keep him there,
Th' ungrateful traitor, let him not come near:
Convey the wretch where Siſyphus atones
For crimes enormous, and where Tityus groans;
With robbers and with murderers let him prove
Immortal pains---for he has murder'd Love.

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

Have I done this?

ORIANA.

Baſe and perfidious man,
Let me be heard, and anſwer if you can.
Was it your love, when trembling by your ſide
I wept, and I implor'd, and almoſt dy'd,
Urging your ſtay---Was it your love that bore
Your faithleſs veſſel from the Britiſh ſhore?
What ſaid I not, upon the fatal night,
When you avow'd your meditated flight?
Was it your love that prompted you to part,
To leave me dying, and to break my heart?
See whom you fled, inhuman and ingrate,
Repent your folly, but repent too late.

AMADIS.

Miſtaken princeſs! By the ſtars above,
The powers below, and that immortal Jove,
Unwilling and compell'd----

ORIANA.

Unwilling and compell'd! Vain, vain pretence,
For baſe neglect and cold indifference.
Was it your love, when by thoſe ſtars above,
Thoſe powers below, and that immortal Jove,
You vow'd before the firſt revolving moon
You would return---Did you return? The ſun
Thrice round the circled globe was ſeen to move,
You neither came nor ſent---Was this your love?

AMADIS.

Thrice has that ſun beheld me on your coaſt,
By tempeſts beaten, and in ſhipwrecks loſt.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

And yet you choſe thoſe perils of the ſea,
Of rocks and ſtorms, or any thing, but me.
The raging ocean, and the winter wind,
Touch'd at my paſſion, with my wiſhes join'd;
No image, but of certain fate, appear'd,
Leſs I your abſence than your danger fear'd;
In vain they threaten'd, and I ſued in vain,
More deaf than ſtorms, more cruel than the main,
No prayer nor gentle meſſage could prevail,
To wait a calmer ſky or ſofter gale;
You brav'd the danger, and deſpis'd the love,
Nor death could fright, nor tenderneſs could move.

AMADIS.

Of our paſt lives, the pleaſure and the pain,
Fix'd in my ſoul for ever ſhall remain;
Recal more gently my unhappy ſtate,
And charge my crime, not on my choice, but fate:
In mortal breaſt, ſure Honour never wag'd
So dire a war, nor Love more fiercely rag'd:
You ſaw my torment, and you knew my heart;
'Twas infamy to ſtay, 'twas death to part.

ORIANA.

In vain you'd cover with the thirſt of fame,
And Honour's call, an odious traitor's name;
Could Honour ſuch vile perfidy approve?
Is it no honour to be true to love?
O Venus! parent of the Trojan race,
In Britain too ſome remnants found a place;

From

From Brute deſcending in a line direct,
Within theſe veins thy favourite blood reſpect:
Mother of Love, by men and gods rever'd,
Confirm theſe vows, and let this prayer be heard.
The Briton to the Gaul henceforth ſhall bear
Immortal hatred and eternal war;
No league nor commerce let the nations know,
But ſeeds of everlaſting diſcord grow;
With fire and ſword the faithleſs race purſue,
This vengeance to my injur'd love is due:
Riſe from our aſhes ſome avenging hand,
To curb their tyrants, and invade their land,
Waves fight with waves, and ſhores with ſhores engage,
And let our ſons inherit the ſame rage.

AMADIS.

Might I be heard one word in my defence---

ORIANA.

No, not a word. What ſpecious forc'd pretence
Would you invent to gild a weak defence?
To falſe Æneas, when 'twas given by fate
To tread the paths of Death, and view the Stygian ſtate,
Forſaken Dido was the firſt that ſtood
To ſtrike his eye, her boſom bath'd in blood
Freſh from her wound: pale horror and affright
Seiz'd the falſe man, confounded at the ſight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and ſome faint words he ſpoke,
Some tears he ſhed, which, with diſdainful look,
Unmov'd ſhe heard and ſaw, nor heeded more
Than the firm rock when faithleſs tempeſts roar.

With one last glance his falsehood she upbraids,
Then sullenly retires, and seeks eternal shades.
Lead me, O lead me, where the bleeding queen
With just reproaches loads perfidious men.
Banish'd from joy, from empire, and from light,
In death involve me, and in endless night,
But keep---that odious object---from my sight.

[*Exit.*

Enter ARCALAUS.

ARCALAUS.

With her last words she sign'd his dying breath;
Convey him strait to tortures and to death.

AMADIS.

Let me not perish with a traitor's name!
Naked, unarm'd, and single as I am,
Loose this right hand, I challenge all thy odds
Of heaven or hell, of demons or of gods.

ARCALAUS.

Hence to his fate the valiant boaster bear.

[*They force him off.*

For him, let our infernal priests prepare
Their knives, their cords, and altars---But for her
Soft beds, and flow'ry banks, and fragrant bowers,
Music and songs, and all those melting powers
With which love steals on hearts, and tunes the mind
To tenderness and yielding——
Superior charms enchant us to be kind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCALAUS and ARCABON meeting.

ARCALAUS.

WElcome as after darkneſs chearful light,
Or to the weary wanderer downy night:
Smile, ſmile, O Arcabon, for ever ſmile,
And with thy gayeſt looks reward my toil:
That ſullen air but ill becomes thee now,
See'ſt thou not glorious conqueſt on my brow?
Amadis, Amadis----/

ARCABON.

Dead, or in chains! Be quick in thy reply.

ARCALAUS.

He lives, my Arcabon, but lives to die,
The gnawing vulture, and the reſtleſs wheel,
Shall be delight to what the wretch ſhall feel.

ARCABON.

Goddeſs of dire revenge, Erinnys riſe,
With pleaſure grace thy lips, with joy thy eyes;
Smile like the Queen of Love, and ſtrip the rocks
Of pearls and gems, to deck thy jetty locks,
With chearful tunes diſguiſe thy hollow throat,
And emulate the lark and linnet's note;
Let Envy's ſelf rejoice, Deſpair be gay,
For Rage and Murder ſhall triumph to-day.

ARCALAUS.

Ariſe, O Ardan, from the hollow womb
Of earth, ariſe, burſt from thy brazen tomb,
Bear witneſs to the vengeance we prepare,
Rejoice, and reſt for ever void of care.

ARCABON.

Pluto ariſe, infernal king releaſe
Thy tortur'd ſlaves, and let the damn'd have peace,
But double all their pains on Amadis.

ARCALAUS.

Mourn all ye heavens, above yon azure plain
Let Grief abound, and Lamentation reign,
The Thunderer with tears bedew his ſky,
For Amadis, his champion, 's doom'd to die.

ARCABON.

Death be my care: for, to compleat his woe,
The ſlave ſhall periſh by a woman's blow;
Thus each by turns ſhall his dire vow fulfil:
'Twas thine to conquer, and 'tis mine to kill.

ARCALAUS.

So look'd Medea, when her rival bride,
Upon her nuptial day, conſuming dy'd:
O never more let love diſguiſe a face,
By rage adorn'd with ſuch triumphant grace.

ARCABON.

In ſweet revenge inferior joys are loſt,
And Love lies ſhipwreck'd on the ſtormy coaſt;
Rage rules all other paſſions in my breaſt,
And, ſwelling like a torrent, drowns the reſt.

Should

Should this curſt wretch, whom moſt my ſoul abhors,
Prove the dear man whom moſt my ſoul adores,
Love ſhould in vain defend him with his dart,
Through all his charms I 'd ſtab him to the heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CONSTANTIUS, CELIUS, LUCIUS a Roman, and a Guard of Britons.

CONSTANTIUS.

Refus'd a ſafeguard, menac'd and confin'd!
Do royal gueſts no better uſage find?
Are theſe the cuſtoms of the Britiſh court!
Here only then let beaſts, not men, reſort.
This treatment, Briton, from another man---

CELIUS.

It is my will, and help it as you can.
From contracts ſign'd, and articles agreed,
With Britiſh faith it ſuits not to recede:
How may the world interpret ſuch neglect,
And on her beauty, or her fame, reflect?
Roman, conſider well what courſe you run,
Reſolve to be my priſoner or my ſon.
If this ſounds rude, then know, we Britons ſlight
The ſupple arts that foreigners delight,
Nor ſtand on forms to vindicate our right.

[*Exit King Ce*[illegible].

LUCIUS.

Happy extremity? Now, prince, the bleſt,
Of all you love, and all you wiſh poſſeſt:
No cenſure you incur, conſtrain'd to chuſe,
Poſſeſt at once of pleaſure and excuſe.

CONSTANTIUS.

If for myſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual joy, and brutal happineſs:
When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The particle ſublime of bliſs is plac'd
In raptures that we feel the raviſh'd charmer taſte.
Oriana, no---though certain death it be,
I 'll keep my word---I 'll die, or ſet thee free.
Haſte, Lucius, haſte, ſound loud our trumpets, call
Our guard to arms, though few, they 're Romans all,
Now tremble, ſavage king; a Roman hand
Shall ne'er be bound, that can a ſword command.

[*As they go off, re-enter Celius haſtily, attended as before.*

CELIUS.

Not to be found! ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall be found---
Diſperſe our parties, ſearch our kingdoms round:
Follow Conſtantius, ſeize him, torture, kill,
Traitor! what vengeance I can have, I will:
Well have thy gods, O Rome, ſecur'd thy peace,
Planted behind ſo many lands and ſeas,
Or thou ſhould'ſt feel me, city, in thy fall,
More dreadful than the Samnite or the Gaul;
But to ſupply and recompenſe this want,
Hear, O ye guardians of our iſle, and grant

That wrath may riſe, and ſtrife immortal come
Betwixt the gods of Britain and of Rome. [*Exit.*

[*The ſcene changes to a ſcene of tombs and dungeons; men and women chained in rows oppoſite to each other; in the front of the captives Floreſtan and Coriſanda. A guard of dæmons. Plaintive muſick.*

To be ſung by a Captive King.

Look down ye powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's miſery.
Look down, look down.
I who but now, on thrones of gold,
Gave laws to kingdoms uncontrol'd,
To empire born,
From empire torn,
A wretched ſlave,
A wretched ſlave,
Am now of ſlaves the ſcorn.

Alas! the ſmiles of fortune prove
As variable as woman's love.
Look down, ye powers, look down,
And caſt a pitying eye
Upon a monarch's miſery.
Look down, look down,
Avenge affronted majeſty,
Avenge, avenge, avenge,
Affronted majeſty.

By a Captive Lover.

The happieſt mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each deſirous of the bleſſing,
Nothing wanting but poſſeſſing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happieſt mortals once were we.
But ſince cruel fates diſſever,
Torn from love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me:
Of all pains, the greateſt pain
Is to love, and love in vain.

By a Captive Libertine.

I.

Plague us not with idle ſtories,
Whining loves, and ſenſeleſs glories,
What are lovers, what are kings,
What at beſt but ſlaviſh things!

II.

Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durſt invade me,
No rebellious ſlave betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me.

III.

Each by turns, as ſenſe inſpir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have loſt true pleaſure,
Freedom is the only treaſure.

Chorus

Chorus of Dæmons, expreſſing Horror and Deſpair.

Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving:
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know.
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving:
No, no,
The powers below
No pity know,
Ceaſe, ye ſlaves, your fruitleſs grieving.

[FLOR. to COR.] To taſte of pain, and yet to gaze on thee,
To meet, and yet to mourn, but ill agree.
Well may the brave contend, the wiſe contrive,
In vain againſt their ſtars the deſtin'd ſtrive.

CORISANDA.

So to th' appointed grove, the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the ſnare,
Purſuing love, and wing'd with amorous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught,
In the ſame cage in mournful notes complain,
Of the ſame fate, and curſe perfidious men.

CAPTIVES.

O heavens, take pity of our pains,
Let death give freedom from our chains.

[*Flouriſh of inſtruments of horror. Enter Arcabon with a dagger in her hand, attended by infernal ſpirits.*

ARCA-

ARCABON.

Your vows have reach'd the gods; your chains and breath
Have the ſame date---
Prepare for freedom, for I bring you death.
He who ſo oft' has 'ſcap'd th' aſſaults of hell,
Whom yet no ſpells could bind, no force could quell,
By whom ſo many bold enchanters fell;
Amadis, Amadis, this joyful day,
Your guardian deity himſelf 's our prey.
From all their dungeons let our captives come,
Idle ſpectators of their hero's doom.

[*Other dungeons open, and diſcover more captives in chains.*

CORISANDA.

On me, on me, let every vengeance fall,
Make me the victim to atone for all.

FLORESTAN.

Rather on me let all your fury bend,
But ſave, O ſave my miſtreſs and my friend.

ARCABON.

As ſoon the lioneſs ſhall ſtarve, to ſpare
Her prey---Behold the ſacrifice appear.

[*A traverſe is drawn, diſcovering Amadis in chains. Arcabon advancing haſtily to ſtab him, ſtarts and ſtops.*

Thou dy'ſt---what ſtrange and what reſiſtleſs charms,
With ſecret force, arreſts my lifted arm?
What art thou, who with more than magic art
Doſt make my hand unfaithful to my heart?

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

One who, diſdaining mercy, ſues to die;
I aſk, not life, for life were cruelty.
Of all the wretched, ſearch the world around,
A more unhappy never can be found.
Let looſe thy rage, like an avenging god,
Fain would my ſoul encumber'd caſt her load.

ARCABON.

In every feature of that charming face,
The dear enchanter of my ſoul I trace:
[*Aſide, obſerving him.*
My brother! had my father too been kill'd;
Nay, my whole race, his blood ſhould not be ſpill'd.
The ties of nature do but weakly move,
The ſtrongeſt tie of nature, is in love.
[*Stands gazing upon him.*

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! I ſee thoſe chains with ſhame,
Which I could not prevent---O ſtain to fame!
O honour loſt for ever! Theſeus fell,
But Hercules remain'd unconquer'd ſtill,
And freed his friends---What man could do, I did,
Nor was I overpower'd, but betray'd.
O my lov'd friend! with better grace we ſtood
In arms repelling death, wading in blood
To victories; the manly limbs that trod
Firm and erect, beneath a treble load
Of ponderous mail, theſe ſhameful bonds diſdains,
And ſinks beneath th' inglorious weight of chains.

FLO-

FLORESTAN.

Where ſhall the brave and good for refuge run,
When to be virtuous is to be undone?
Sure Jupiter 's depos'd, ſome giant rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.

ARCABON.

He ſpoke, and every accent to my heart
Gave a freſh wound, and was another dart:
He weeps---but reddens at the tears that fall--;
Is it for theſe? Be quick, and free 'em all.
[*Throws away her dagger.*
Let every captive be releas'd from chains:
How is it that I love, if he complains?
Hence every grief, end every anxious care,
Mix with the ſeas and winds, raiſe tempeſts there:
Strike all your ſtrings, to joyful meaſure move,
And every voice ſound liberty and love.

[*Flouriſh of all the muſick. The captives are ſet at liberty. Arcabon frees Amadis herſelf.*

SONG.

Liberty! Liberty!
Ah how ſweet is Liberty!
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die,
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying;
Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
Let us live free, or let us die,
Liberty! Liberty!

Another

Another Voice.

Happy iſle, all joys poſſeſſing,
Clime reſembling heaven above,
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy bleſſing,
Land of Liberty and Love!
When the nymphs, to cure complaining,
Set themſelves and lovers free,
In the bleſſing of obtaining,
Ah! how ſweet is Liberty!

Fifth Dance of Captives.

FLORESTAN and CORISANDA run into each other's Arms.

FLORESTAN.

In this enchanting circle let me,
For ever and for ever bound with thee.

CORISANDA.

Life of my life, and charmer of my heart,
From theſe embraces let us never part.

FLORESTAN.

Never, O never----In ſome ſafe retreat,
Far from the noiſe and tumult of the great,
Secure and happy on each other's breaſt,
Within each other's arms we'll ever reſt:
Thoſe eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright,
Theſe arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the night.

ARCABON advances with AMADIS, the reſt ſtand in Rows, bowing as they advance.

ARCABON.

When rage like mine makes ſuch a ſudden pauſe,
Methinks 'twere eaſy to divine the cauſe:
Soldiers, though rough, may in a lady's face
The ſecret meaning of her bluſhes trace.
When ſhort-breath'd ſighs, and catching glances, ſent
From dying eyes, reveal the kind intent.
All day in War's rude hazards take delight,
But Love and gentler pleaſures rule the night.

AMADIS.

The lords of fate, who all our lots decree,
Have deſtin'd Fame no other joy for me,
My ſullen ſtars in that one circle move,
The happy only are ordain'd for love.

ARCABON.

The ſtars that you reproach my art can force,
I can direct them to a kinder courſe.
What conquer'd nations, driven from the field,
Can pleaſe your pride like tender maids that yield?
What ſound ſo ſweet or raviſhing, can move
Like the ſoft whiſper of conſenting love?
What ſpoils of Fame, what trophies, have the charms
Of Love, triumphant in a virgin's arms?
Freely as Nature made the treaſure mine,
And boldly rifle all, each gem is thine:
Unguarded ſee the maiden caſket ſtand,
Glad of the theft, to court the robber's hand;

Honour

Honour his wonted watch no longer keeps,
Seize quickly, ſoldier, while the dragon ſleeps.

AMADIS.

Enchanting are your looks, leſs magic lies
In your myſterious art than in your eyes;
Such melting language claims a ſoft return,
Pity the hopeleſs love with which I burn:
Faſt bound already, and not free to chuſe,
I prize the bleſſing which I muſt refuſe.

ARCABON.

Thoſe formal lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd free-born love with honour firſt.
[*Turning angrily aſide.*
Who through fantaſtic laws are Virtue's fools,
And againſt Nature will be ſlaves to rules.
How cold he ſtands, unkindling at my charms!
[*Obſerving him.*
Thou rock of ice, I'll melt thee in my arms.
[*To him gently.*
Your captive friends have freedom from this hour;
Rejoice for them, but for thyſelf much more:
Sublimer bleſſings are reſerv'd for thee,
Whom Glory calls to be poſſeſs'd of me.
The ſhipwreck'd Greeks, caſt on Ææa's ſhore,
With trembling ſteps the dubious coaſt explore;
Who firſt arrive, unworthy of regard,
In vain lament, unpity'd and unheard:
But when Ulyſſes, with majeſtic mien,
Approach'd the throne where ſat th' Enchantreſs Queen,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with a preſence that invades her charms,
She takes the bold adventurer in her arms,
Up to her bed ſhe leads the conqueror on,
Where he enjoys the Daughter of the Sun.

[*She leads Amadis out. Floreſtan and Coriſanda go off together, looking back with concern after Amadis. The remaining Captives expreſs their joy for liberty with ſongs and dances, with which the act concludes.*

CHORUS.

I.

To Fortune give immortal praiſe,
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe;
Fortune the captives chains does break,
And brings deſpairing exiles back;
However low this hour we fall,
One lucky moment may mend all.

II.

'Tis Fortune governs all below:
The Stateſman's wiles, the Gameſter's throw,
The Soldier's fame, the Merchant's gains,
The Lover's joy, the Priſoner's chains,
Are but as Fortune ſhall beſtow;
'Tis Fortune governs all below.

Sixth Dance of Captives to the Chorus.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE. A Grove, &c.

Enter ARCABON and ARCALAUS.

ARCABON.

HIS firſt excuſes I to forms allow'd,
And deem'd them policy before the crowd;
But when alone, in ſhades where lovers hide,
Death! hell! and furies! then to be deny'd!

ARCALAUS.

Of women tyrants 'tis the common doom,
Each haughtily ſets out in beauty's bloom,
Till, late repenting, to redeem the paſt,
You turn abandon'd proſtitutes at laſt.

ARCABON.

Who hate declares, is ſure of hate again!
Rage begets rage, diſdain provokes diſdain:
Why, why, alas, ſhould love leſs equal prove?
Why is not love return'd with mutual love?

ARCALAUS.

Bleſſings when cheap or certain we deſpiſe,
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd,
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty deſtroy'd.

ARCABON.

To govern love, alas! what woman can!
Yet 'tis an eaſy province to a man.

Why am I then of hope abandon'd quite?
There is a cure---I'd ask it---if I might.
Forgive me, brother, if I pry too far;
I've learnt---my rival is your priſoner here:
If that be true---

ARCALAUS.

What thence would you infer?

ARCABON.

What but her death---When Amadis is free,
From hopes of her, there may be hope for me.

ARCALAUS.

Thou cloud to his bright Juno; fool, ſhall he
Who has lov'd her ever deſcend to thee?

ARCABON.

Much vainer fool art thou; where are thoſe charms
That are to tempt a princeſs to thy arms?
Thou Vulcan to Oriana's Mars.

ARCALAUS.

But yet,
This Vulcan has that Mars within his net.
Your counſel comes too late, for 'tis decreed,
To make the woman ſure, the man ſhall bleed.

[*Exit Arcalaus ſurlily.*

ARCABON.

Firſt periſh thou; earth, air, and ſeas, and ſky,
Confounded in one heap of chaos lie;
And every other living creature die!
I burn, I burn, the ſtorm that's in my mind
Kindles my heart, like fires provok'd by wind:
Love and reſentment, wiſhes and diſdain,
Blow all at once, like winds that plough the main.

Furies,

Furies, Alecto, aid my juſt deſign;
But if, averſe to mercy, you decline
The pious taſk, aſſiſt me, powers divine:
Juſt gods, and thou their king, imperial Jove,
Strike whom you pleaſe, but ſave the man I love.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to a pleaſant garden. Oriana ſitting in a bower at the lower part of the ſcene, liſtening to ſoft muſic. Arcalaus enters bowing reſpectively; ſhe riſes; they advance ſlowly towards the ſtage in mute diſcourſe, till the muſic ceaſes.*

ARCALAUS.

Of freedom loſt, unjuſtly you complain,
Born to command where-e'er you come, you reign;
No fetters here you wear, but others bind,
And not a priſon, but an empire find.

ORIANA.

Death I expect, and I deſire it too,
'Tis all the mercy to be wiſh'd from you.
To die is to be free: Oh let me find
A ſpeedy death; that freedom would be kind.

ARCALAUS.

Too cruel to ſuſpect ſuch ills were meant,
Here is no death but what your eyes preſent:
O may they reign, thoſe arbiters of fate,
Immortal, as the loves that they create.
We know the cauſe of this prepoſterous grief,
And we ſhould pity were there no relief:
One lover loſt, have you not millions more?
Can you complain of want, whom all adore?

All hearts are yours, even mine, that, fierce and free,
Ranging at large, disdain'd captivity;
Caught by your charms, the savage trembling lies,
And prostrate in his chain for mercy dies.

ORIANA.

Respect is limited to power alone,
Beauty distrest, like kings from empire thrown,
Each insolent invades, regardless of a frown.
How art thou chang'd, ah wretched princess! now,
When every slave that loves dares tell thee so.

ARCALAUS.

If I do love, the fault is in your eyes,
Blame them that wound, and not the slave that dies:
If we may love, then sure we may declare;
If we may not, ah why are you so fair?
Who can behold those lips, that neck, this waist,
That form divine, and not be mad to taste?

ORIANA.

Pluck out these eyes, revenge thee on my face,
Tear off my cheeks, and root up every grace,
Disfigure, kill me, kill me instantly,
Thus may'st thou free thyself at once, and me.

ARCALAUS.

Such strange commands 'twere impious to obey,
I would revenge myself a gentler way.

[*Takes her by the hand, she snatches it away disdainfully, he turns surlily upon her.*

Some hope there is that you may change your mind;
Madam, you have not always been unkind.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

Some whirlwind bear me from this odious place,
Earth open wide, and bury my diſgrace;
Save me, ye powers, from violence and ſhame,
Aſſiſt my virtue, and protect my fame.

ARCALAUS.

Love with ſubmiſſion firſt begins in courſe;
But, when that fails, a ſure reſerve is force;
The niceſt dames, who our embraces ſhun,
Wait only a pretence, and force is one:
She who through frailty yields, diſhonour gains,
But ſhe that 's forc'd, her innocence retains:
Debtors and ſlaves for favours they beſtow,
Invading, we are free and nothing owe.
No ties of love or gratitude conſtrain,
But as we like, we leave, or come again.
It ſhall be ſo--- [*Aſide.*
Since ſofter arguments have prov'd in vain,
Force is the laſt, reſiſt it if you can.

[*Seizes her, ſhe ſtruggles and breaks from him.*

ORIANA.

Help, help, ye gods!

ARCALAUS.

Who with ſuch courage can reſiſt deſire,
With what a rage ſhe'll love when raptures fire!
Behold in chains your vanquiſh'd minion lies,
And, if for nothing but this ſcorn, he dies.

[*Amadis faſt bound in chains. Oriana and Amadis at ſight of each other ſtart and look amazed. Arcalaus advances to ſtab him. Arcabon in the inſtant enters, ſeizes Oriana, holding a dagger at her breaſt. Arcalaus with-holds his blow.*

ARCABON.

Strike boldly murderer, ſtrike him to the ground,
While thus my dagger anſwers every wound;
Drink deep the blood from the moſt mortal part,
I'll do thee reaſon in Oriana's heart.
By what new magic is thy vengeance charm'd?
Trembles thy hand before a man unarm'd?
When by Oriana's death debarr'd of bliſs,
Then triumph in the fate of Amadis.

ORIANA.

Strike, my deliverer, 'tis a friendly ſtroke;
I ſhun thee not, but rather would provoke:
Death to the wretched is an end of care,
But yet methinks I might that victim ſpare.
[*Pointing to Amadis.*

AMADIS.

Burſt, burſt theſe fetters, that like Perſeus I
May to the ſuccour of the charmer fly;
My ſoul till now no dangers could affright,
But trembles, like a coward's, at this ſight.

ARCABON.

So paſſionate! But I'll revenge it here.

ARCALAUS.

Hold, Fury, or I ſtrike as home; forbear.

[*She*

[*She offering at Oriana, he offers at Amadis, both with-hold their blow.*

Had I enjoy'd---A curſe on the reprieve!
Thou might'ſt have ſtruck, and had the lover's leave.

Trumpets ſound, enter haſtily URGANDA, with a numerous Train of Attendants.

URGANDA.

To arms, to arms, ye ſpirits of the air;
Ye guardians of the brave, and of the fair,
Leave your bright manſions, and in arms appear.

[*Thunder, trumpets, kettle-drums, and other warlike inſtruments. Spirits deſcend in clouds, ſome continue in the air, playing upon inſtruments of war. Others remain ranged as for battle. Others deſcend upon the ſtage, and draw up in order of battle by Amadis, whom Urganda frees, preſenting him with a ſword. Arcabon and Arcalaus look aſtoniſhed, and retire to the oppoſite ſide of the ſtage. Oriana goes over to Urganda.*

ARCABON.

Fly quick, ye Dæmons, from your black abodes,
And try another combat with the gods;
Blue fires and peſtilential fumes ariſe,
And flaming fountains ſpout againſt the ſkies;
From their broad roots theſe oaks and cedars tear,
Burn like my love, and rage like my deſpair.

[*Trumpets ſound on Arcabon's ſide, which are anſwered on Urganda's. The grove appears in an inſtant all in a flame. Fountains from below caſt up fire as in ſpouts; a rain of fire from above. The ſky darkened the while. Thunder and lightning. Dæmons range themſelves on the ſtage by Arcalaus; other dæmons face Urganda's ſpirits in the air, Arcalaus advances before his party with his ſword drawn to Amadis.*

ARCALAUS.

Let heaven and hell ſtand neuter, while we try,
On equal terms, which of us two ſhall die.

[*Arcalaus and Amadis engage at the head of their parties: a fight at the ſame time in the air, and upon the ſtage: martial muſic the while, mixed with inſtruments of horror: thunder and lightning. The dæmons are overcome; Arcalaus falls.*

AMADIS.

Thou might'ſt have learnt more policy from hell,
Than tempt the ſword by which thy brother fell.

[*To Arcalaus falling.*

URGANDA.

Sound tunes of triumph, all ye winds, and bear
Your notes aloft, that heaven and earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun, ſhine out ſerene and gay,
And bright, as when the giants loſt the day.

[*The ſky clears, and tunes of triumph reſound from all parts of the theatre. Amadis approaches Oriana, bowing reſpectfully. Arcabon the while ſtands ſullen and obſerving.*

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

While Amadis Oriana's love poſſeſt,
Secure of empire in that beauteous breaſt,
Not Jove, the king of gods, like Amadis was bleſt.

ORIANA.

While to Oriana Amadis was true,
Nor wandering flames to diſtant climates drew,
No heaven, but only love, the pleas'd Oriana knew.

AMADIS.

That heaven of love, alas! is mine no more,
Braving thoſe powers by whom ſhe falſely ſwore,
She to Conſtantius would thoſe charms reſign,
If oaths could bind, that ſhould be only mine.

ORIANA.

With a feign'd falſehood you'd evade your part
Of guilt, and tax a tender faithful heart:
While by ſuch ways you'd hide a conſcious flame,
The only virtue you have left is Shame.

[*Turning diſdainfully from him.*

AMADIS.

But ſhould this injur'd vaſſal you reject
Prove true, ah what return might he expect?

[*Approaching tenderly.*

ORIANA.

Though brave Conſtantius' charms, with every art,
That can entice a tender virgin's heart,
Whether ſhe ſhines for glory or delight,
To tempt ambition, or enchant the ſight;
Were Amadis reſtor'd to my eſteem,
I would reject a deity for him.

AMADIS.

AMADIS.

Though falſe as watery bubbles blown by wind,
Fix'd in my ſoul and rooted in my mind,
I love Oriana, faithleſs and unkind:
Oh were ſhe kind, and faithful as ſhe 's fair,
For her alone I'd live, and die for her.

URGANDA.

Adjourn theſe murmurs of unquiet love,
And from this ſcene of rage and fate remove.
Thy empire, Arcabon, concludes this hour,
Short is the date of all flagitious power;
Spar'd be thy life, that thou may'ſt living bear
The torments of the damn'd in thy deſpair.
Where Zephyrs only breathe in myrtle groves,
There will I lead you to debate your loves.

[*Urganda takes Oriana's hand, leading her out. As Amadis is following, Arcabon takes him by the robe.*

ARCABON.

What, not one look! not one diſſembling ſmile,
To thank me for your life! or to beguile
Deſpair? Cold and ungrateful as thou art,
Hence from my ſight for ever, and my heart.

[*Lets go her hold with an air of contempt.*

Back, ſoldier, to the camp, thy proper ſphere;
Stick to thy trade, dull hero, follow war.
Uſeleſs to women; thou mere image, meant
To raiſe deſire, and then to diſappoint.

[*Amadis goes out.*

So ready to be gone,---Barbarian, ſtay---
He 's gone, and Love returns, and Pride gives way.

Oh

Oh ſtay, come back---Horror and hell! I burn!
I rage! I rave! I die!---Return, return.
Eternal racks my tortur'd boſom tear,
Vultures with endleſs pangs are gnawing there,
Fury! diſtraction! I am all deſpair.
Burning with love, may'ſt thou ne'er aim at bliſs,
But thunder ſhake thy limbs, and lightning blaſt thy kiſs,
While pale, aghaſt, a ſpectre I ſtand by,
Pleas'd at the terrors that diſtract thy joy:
Plague of my life! thy want of power ſhall be
A curſe to her, worſe than thy ſcorn to me.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

The battle 's done,
Our wars are over,
The battle 's done,
Let laurels crown
The heads that rugged ſteel did cover.
Let myrtles too
Bring peace for ever,
Let myrtles too
Adorn the brow
That bent beneath the warlike beaver.
Let kiſſes, embraces,
Dying eyes, and kind glances,
Let kiſſes, embraces,
And tender careſſes,
Give warmth to our amorous trances.

Let

Let trumpets and tymbals,
Let atabals and cymbals,
Let drums and hautboys give over;
But let flutes
And let lutes
Our paſſions excite
To gentler delight,
And every Mars be a lover.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, Urganda's Bower of Bliſs; being a Repreſentation of WOODSTOCK-PARK.

Enter ORIANA and AMADIS.

ORIANA.

IN my eſteem he well deſerves a part,
He ſhares my praiſe, but you have all my heart:
When equal virtues in the ſcales are try'd,
And juſtice againſt neither can decide,
When judgment thus perplex'd ſuſpends the choice,
Fancy muſt ſpeak, and give the caſting voice:
Much to his love, much to his merit 's due,
But powerful inclination is for you.

AMADIS.

Thou haſt no equal, a ſuperior ray
Unrival'd as the light that rules the day.
Should fame ſolicit me with all her charms,
Nor blooming laurels, nor victorious arms,

Should

Should purchaſe but a grain of the delight,
A moment from the raptures of this night.

ORIANA.

Wrong not my virtue, to ſuppoſe that I
Can grant to love, what duty muſt deny;
A father's will is wanting, and my breaſt
Is rul'd by glory, though by love poſſeſt:
Rather than be another's, I would die,
Nor can be yours, till duty can comply.

AMADIS.

Curſt rules! that thus the nobleſt loves engage,
To wait the peeviſh humours of old age!
Think not the lawfulneſs of love conſiſts
In parents wills, or in the forms of prieſts;
Such are but licens'd rapes, that vengeance draw
From heav'n, howe'er approv'd by human law.
Marriage the happieſt bond of love might be,
If hands were only join'd when hearts agree.

Enter URGANDA and CORISANDA, FLORESTAN and Attendants.

URGANDA.

Here faithful lovers to ſafe joys remove,
The ſoft retreat of Glory and of Love.
By fate prepar'd, to crown the happy hours
Of mighty kings, and famous conquerors:
The Bower of Bliſs 'tis call'd, and is the ſame
Which mortals ſhall hereafter Blenheim name,
Delicious ſeat, ordain'd a ſweet receſs
For thee, and for a future Amadis.

Here,

Here, Amadis, let all your ſufferings end;
Before I brought a miſtreſs, now a friend,
The greateſt bleſſings that the gods can ſend.

[*Preſenting Floreſtan.*

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! there wanted but this more,
This ſtrict embrace, to make my joys run o'er:
The ſight of thee does ſuch vaſt tranſports breed,
That ſcarce the ecſtaſies of love exceed.

FLORESTAN.

If beyond Love or Glory is a taſte
Of pleaſure, it is ſure in Friendſhip plac'd.

ORIANA.

My Coriſanda too!
Not Floreſtan could fly with greater haſte
To take thee in his arms: O welcome to my breaſt.
As to the lover's---

CORISANDA.

O joy compleat!
Bleſt day!
Wherein ſo many friends and lovers meet.

FLORESTAN.

The ſtorm blown over, ſo the wanton doves,
Shake from their plumes the rain, and ſeek the groves,
Pair their glad mates, and coo eternal loves.

AMADIS.

O Floreſtan! bleſt as thou doſt deſerve,
To thee the fates are kind, without reſerve.
My joys are not ſo full; though Love would yield,
Fierce Honour ſtands his ground, and keeps the field,

Nature within, ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature frail, and faulty in thy frame,
Fomenting wiſhes, Honour muſt condemn;
Or O! too rigid Honour thus to bind,
When Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind.

Enter ARCABON conducting CONSTANTIUS, her Garments looſe and Hair diſhevel'd, ſeeming frantick.

ARCABON.

This, Roman, is the place: 'tis magic ground,
Hid by enchantment, by enchantment found.
Behold them at our view diſſolv'd in fear;
Two armies, are two lovers in deſpair.
Proceed, be bold, and ſcorning to entreat;
Think all her ſtrugglings feign'd, her cries deceit.
Not creeping like a cur that fawns to pleaſe,
Nor whine, nor beg---but like a lion ſeize:
Kill him, and raviſh her: for ſo would I,
Were I a man; or rather let both die.
The rape may pleaſe---
Each was diſdain'd; to equal rage reſign
Thy heart, and let it burn and blaze like mine.
'Tis ſweet to love; but when with ſcorn we meet,
Revenge ſupplies the loſs, with joys as great.

[*A chariot deſcends ſwiftly drawn by dragons, into which ſhe enters at the following lines:*

Up to th' etherial heavens where gods reſide,
Lo! thus I fly to thunder on thy ſide.

[*Thunder. The chariot mounts in the air, and vaniſhes with her.*

CON-

CONSTANTIUS.

Fly where thou wilt, but not to bleſt abodes,
For know, where-e'er thou art, there are no gods,
[*Approaches Oriana, bowing reſpectfully.*
I come not here an object to affright,
Or to impleſt, but add to your delight.
Behold a prince expiring in your view,
Whoſe life 's a burthen to himſelf and you,
Fate and the king all other means deny
To ſet you free, but that Conſtantius die:
A Roman arm had play'd a Roman's part,
But 'tis prevented by my breaking heart:
I thank you, gods, nor think my doom ſevere,
Reſigning life, on any terms, for her.

URGANDA.

What cruel deſtiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend ſo many fates!
Confin'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thouſands are undone.

CONSTANTIUS.

Make room, ye Decii, whoſe devoted breath
Secur'd your country's happineſs by death;
I come a ſacrifice no leſs renown'd,
The cauſe as glorious, and as ſure the wound.
[*Kneels at Oriana's feet, ſhe ſeems concerned.*
Oh Love! with all thy ſweets let her be bleſt,
Thy reign be gentle in that beauteous breaſt.
Though thy malignant beams, with deadly force,
Have ſcorch'd my joys, and in their baneful courſe
Wither'd each plant, and dry'd up every ſource;

Ah! to Oriana ſhine leſs fatal bright,
Cheriſh her heart, and nouriſh her delight,
Reſtrain each cruel influence that deſtroys,
Bleſs all her days, and ripen all her joys.

[*Amadis addreſſing to Conſtantius.*

AMADIS.

Where fortune us'd to ſmile upon deſert,
Love had been yours; to die, had been my part:
Thus fate divides the prize; though beauty's mine,
Yet fame, our other miſtreſs, is more thine.

[*Conſtantius riſes, looking ſternly upon him.*

Diſdain not, gallant prince, a rival's praiſe,
Whom your high worth has humbled to confeſs
In every thing, but love, he merits leſs.

CONSTANTIUS.

Art thou that rival then? O killing ſhame!
And has he view'd me thus, ſo weak, ſo tame?
Like a ſcorn'd captive proſtrate at his ſide,
To grace his triumph, and delight his pride?
O 'tis too much! and nature in diſdain
Turns back from death, and firing every vein,
Reddens with rage, and kindles life again.
Be firm, my ſoul, quick from this ſcene remove,
Or madneſs elſe may be too ſtrong for love.

[*Draws a dagger, and ſtands between Amadis and Oriana, facing Amadis.*

Spent as I am, and weary'd with the weight
Of burthening life----I could reverſe my fate,
Thus planted, ſtand thy everlaſting bar;

[*Seizing Amadis, holding the dagger at his throat: Amadis ſtruggles for his ſword.*

But for Oriana's ſake 'tis better here.

[*Looking back upon Oriana, ſtabs himſelf; all run to ſupport him.*

ORIANA.

Live, generous prince; ſuch virtue ne'er ſhould die.

CONSTANTIUS.

I 've liv'd enough, of all I wiſh poſſeſt,
If, dying, I may leave Oriana bleſt:
Nor can I now recall my fate----
Th' invader has too ſure a footing found,
He ſpreads his troops, and covering all around,
He marches unoppos'd: In every vein
Fevers aſſault, and phrenſies burn my brain.
The laſt warm drop forſakes my bleeding heart:
Oh Love! how ſure a murderer thou art! [*Dies.*

ORIANA.

There breaks the nobleſt heart that ever burn'd
In flames of love, for ever to be mourn'd.

AMADIS.

Laviſh to him, you wrong an equal flame;
Had he been lov'd, my heart had done the ſame.

FLORESTAN.

Oh emperor, all ages ſhall agree,
Such, but more happy, ſhould all lovers be.

URGANDA.

No lover now throughout the world remains
But Amadis, deſerving of your chains.
Remove that mournful object from the ſight.

[*Carry off the body.*

Ere

Ere yon' bright beam is ſhadow'd o'er with night,
The ſtubborn king ſhall licenſe your delight;
The torch, already bright with nuptial fire,
Shall bring you to the bridegroom you deſire;
And honour, that ſo long has kept in doubt,
Be better pleas'd to yield, than to hold out.

[*Here an entertainment of muſick and dancing.*

To be ſung.

Make room for the combat, make room,
Sound the trumpet and drum,
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.
Make room for the combat, make room,
Sound the trumpet and drum,
The gods of deſire take part in the fray,
And Love ſits like Jove, to decide the great day.
For the honour of Britain
This duel is fought!
Give the word to begin,
Let the combatants in;
The challenger enters all glorious:
But Love has decreed,
Though Beauty may bleed,
Yet Beauty ſhall ſtill be victorious.

CHORUS.

Make room for the combat, make room,
Sound the trumpet and drum:
A fairer than Venus prepares
To encounter a greater than Mars.

SONG.

Help! help! th' unpractis'd conqueror cries;
He faints, he falls, help, help! Ah me! he dies.
Gently she tries to raise his head,
And weeps, alas! to find him dead.
Sound, sound a charge, 'tis war again,
Again he fights, again is slain;
Again, again, help, help! she cries,
He faints, he falls, help, help: Ah me! he dies.

Another.

Happy pair,
Free from care,
Enjoy the blessing
Of sweet possessing
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Love inviting,
Souls uniting,
Desiring,
Expiring,
Enjoy the blessing
Of sweet possessing
Free from care,
Happy pair.

Chorus Singing and Dancing.

Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how sweet is the cure!

So

So divine is the bleſſing,
In the hour of poſſeſſing,
That one moment's obtaining
Pays an age of complaining.
Be true, all ye lovers, whate'er you endure;
Though cruel the pain is, how ſweet is the cure!

[*Here enter two parties from the oppoſite ſides of the theatre, with lances in their hands, marching to a warlike meaſure of trumpets, &c. Then run a tilt, and, having broken or quitted their lances, form divers combats with ſword and buckler. The conquerors dance a meaſure, expreſſing their joy for victory.*

CHORUS to the Dance.

Amadis is the hero's glory,
Of endleſs fame a laſting ſtory:
Amadis is the hero's glory.

Oriana is the queen of pleaſure,
A light of love, to ſhine for ever:
Oriana is the queen of pleaſure.

[*The entertainment concludes with variety of ſongs and dances, after which the company riſe and come forward.*

AMADIS.

So Phœbus mounts triumphant in the ſkies,
The clouds diſperſe, and gloomy horror flies;
Darkneſs gives place to the victorious light,
And all around is gay, and all around is bright.

ORIANA.

ORIANA.

Our preſent joys are ſweeter for paſt pain:
To heaven and love by ſuffering we attain.

URGANDA.

Prophetic fury rolls within my breaſt,
And as at Delphos, when the foaming prieſt
Full of his god, proclaims the diſtant doom
Of kings unborn, and nations yet to come;
My labouring mind ſo ſtruggles to unfold,
On Britiſh ground, a future age of gold;
But leaſt incredulous you hear---behold.

[*Here a ſcene repreſents the Queen, and all the triumphs of her Majeſty's reign.*

High on a throne appears the martial queen,
With grace ſublime, and with imperial mien,
Surveying round her with impartial eyes,
Whom to protect, or whom ſhe ſhall chaſtiſe.
In every line of that auſpicious face
Soft Mercy ſmiles, adorn'd with every grace.
So angels look, and ſo, when heaven decrees,
They ſcourge the world to piety and peace.
Empreſs and conqueror, hail! Thee, fates ordain
O'er all the willing world ſole arbitreſs to reign:
To no one people are thy laws confin'd,
Great-Britain's queen, but guardian of mankind.
Sure hope of all who dire oppreſſion bear,
For all th' oppreſt become thy inſtant care.
Nations of conqueſt proud, thou tam'ſt, to free;
Denouncing war, preſenting liberty;

The

The victor to the vanquiſh'd yields a prize.
For in thy triumph their redemption lies;
Freedom and peace for raviſh'd fame you give,
Invade to bleſs, and conquer to relieve.
So the ſun ſcorches and revives by turns,
Requiting with rich metals where he burns.

Taught by this great example to be juſt,
Succeeding kings ſhall well fulfill their truſt;
Diſcord and war and tyranny ſhall ceaſe,
And jarring nations be compell'd to peace;
Princes and ſtates, like ſubjects, ſhall agree
To truſt her power, ſafe in her piety.

If curious to inſpect the book of fate,
You'd farther learn the deſtin'd time and date
Of Britain's glory, know, this royal dame
From Stuart's race ſhall riſe, ANNA ſhall be her name.

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THE END OF LANSDOWNE'S POEMS.